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MAY 10

EDITORIAL

CITIZEN BUSH: THE MOVIE

CLOSE-UP: *George Bush as an old man, lying in bed. He picks up a glass ball with a miniature Arabian city inside. It slips from his hand.*

BUSH: (*In a husky whisper*) Baghdad!

CUT TO: *A group of journalists around a table*

PRODUCER: "Baghdad" . . . but what does it mean? Charlie—check it out. It could be the key to our documentary on the Bush presidency.

CHARLIE: (*Dreamily*) Maybe it was something he loved very much in childhood but lost forever.

PRODUCER: Whatever.

MONTAGE: *Bush speeches*

BUSH: "I will not send American kids to fight in a civil war." "Anyone who looks at my remarks at the time can see I did not call on the Kurds to rebel."

CUT TO: *Oval Office. Bush is on the phone*

BUSH: Stop sulking, Colin. Containment won't sell politically. You give me the offensive buildup and I'll give you the war. Don't worry about selling it. The press will say what I tell it to say.

MONTAGE: *Leaves of calendar turning to March*

BUSH: No, Norm, you can't go all the way to Baghdad. What's that? Kurds, shmurds. The war's a wrap. Get those troops home. Got it?

CUT TO: *1992 Democratic National Convention*

SPEAKER: Fellow delegates, I give you the man who revealed that George Bush was a wimp, the man who was ready to go on to Baghdad and finish the job Bush started—bringing down Saddam Hussein! Ladies and gentlemen, the next President of the United States—General Norman Schwarzkopf! (*Music, cheers, waving signs*)

BARBARA: George! Poppy! Wake up!

BUSH: (*In bed in the White House*) I was having a nightmare about *Citizen Kane*—and I was in it!

BARBARA: Happy 50th anniversary, Orson Welles—wherever you are.

0 377535 6 20 08585

JOSEPH K., 1991
Christopher Hitchens

BUSH'S PRO-NUKE ENERGY STRATEGY
Harvey Wasserman

PUBLISHING & PERISHING IN POLAND & JAPAN
Peter B. Kaufman
Karl Taro Greenfeld

PORTRAIT OF PICASSO
Susan Grace Galassi

CLURMAN AND THE GROUP
Joan Ungaro

THE JUGGERNAUT

MILITARY STATE CAPITALISM

SEYMOUR MELMAN

Clearly the war in the Persian Gulf was not the noble cause that George Bush said it was. But neither can it be comprehended solely in terms of *Realpolitik* or naked economic interest. Behind the U.S. war in the gulf lies a transformation in global political economy. This war and others on the Pentagon's drawing board stem from the normal operation of a military form of state capitalism. It has become the dominant form of political economy worldwide, independent of variation in economic superstructure, ideology, history and culture. With the United States and the Soviet Union as prime movers, their allied states, such as Iraq, were modeled after and incorporated into competing state managerial systems.

In state capitalism, the central government has primary control over capital resources and carries out the most important industrial management functions. In *military* state capitalism, military activity—building and operating armed forces and their industrial base—is the primary activity of government.

Capitalism is characterized by three basic features when considered in terms of social relations, rather than the money mechanics of Western business or the political mechanics of the Soviet bureaucracy: separation of the work of decision making from that of producing; hierarchical organization of decision making; and an imperative among the managers to enlarge their power both within and outside the hierarchy.

(*Cont. on p. 664*)

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LETTERS.

I'M STICKIN' TO THE UNION . . .

Burlington, Mass.

Canadian Colin Gordon's March 25 analysis of business interest in health care reform, "Health Care the Corporate Way," contained many important insights. But unfortunately the article also contained some misleading and inaccurate generalizations about 1989 telephone industry bargaining over medical benefits. According to Gordon, "the Baby Bell and A.T.&T. strikes [in 1989] ended with union concessions on health care." The phone companies, he reports, "were unable to force employees to pick up a percentage of premiums, but the companies achieved higher deductibles and 'preferred provider' provisions in the new contracts." All the settlements included a "pledge by both sides to lobby for national health care."

For the record, there was no A.T.&T. strike in 1989. The largest strike that did occur—one of the biggest anticoncession battles of the 1980s—involved 60,000 members of the Communications Workers of America and the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers employed by one of the Baby Bells, Nynex. This militant and very political four-month struggle defeated the company's demand for health care givebacks. Instead of paying hundreds and eventually thousands of dollars a year for their benefits, Nynex workers were able to maintain traditional indemnity plan coverage fully paid by the employer. (They also successfully resisted management's drive for new forms of "flexible compensation" designed to replace base wage increases and COLAs with lump-sum payments and profit sharing.) At Nynex, there were no higher deductibles or broad preferred provider schemes introduced. Managed care is in place only in the area of mental health treatment, and the fight against management proposals for retiree health care cost shifting has, in effect, been postponed until 1992 bargaining with the company. Throughout the Nynex strike, those of us in the C.W.A. who acted as strike coordinators and press spokespersons did widespread public education and agitation about the need for Canadian-style national health insurance as an alternative to further industrial strife over management attempts to dismantle existing job-based coverage.

Nynex does not support such a political solution to our nation's health care crisis. That's why the company refused to sign any letter committing it to joint lobbying with the union on this issue at the conclusion of the strike. Working with Physicians for a National Health Program, the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers and other unions that are part of the national "Jobs With Justice" network, C.W.A. District 1 is committed to opposing business efforts to take the health care reform debate in "the wrong direction."

Steve Early
Communications Workers of America

GORDON REPLIES

Vancouver, British Columbia

Steve Early is right. In the course of tracing the corporate offensive against employee health care, I generalized the recent history of collective bargaining in the telephone industry a little loosely. Let me clarify a few points:

* There was no strike at A.T.&T. in 1989. Industry bargaining began with a leadoff settlement at A.T.&T., followed by strikes of varying duration and intensity at the Baby Bells.
* The A.T.&T. contract and most of the Baby Bell settlements did involve concessions, including increased deductibles and/or coinsurance at BellSouth and Southwestern Bell; an extension of deductibles to cover more services at A.T.&T.; preferred provider provisions at U.S. West and Bell Atlantic; and restricted dependent coverage at Ameritech.
* The C.W.A., as Early stresses, managed to resist almost all such concessions at Nynex. The contracts at Nynex subsidiaries New York Telephone and New England Telephone simply require that employees switch to a preferred provider plan once one becomes available, or face a coinsurance penalty.
* Early is right to question Nynex's commitment to health care reform. Yet while Nynex refused to join the C.W.A. at the conclusion of the strike in lobbying for national health insurance, the company later became an important voice in the National Leadership Coalition for Health Care Reform—a group that counts among its members eight other telephone companies, the C.W.A. and the I.B.E.W. Of course the fact that Nynex would cold-shoulder direct cooperation with the C.W.A., *and* casually endorse a "study group" like the National Leadership Coalition speaks to my central point: Corporate motives in all of this are short-sighted and selfish. Companies like Nynex see national health insurance not as a political solution to the nation's health care crisis but as a political escape from the fiscal and competitive implications of health care costs.
* Given the concessions originally demanded and the pattern of bargaining outside the telephone industry, the Baby Bell settlements clearly marked a triumph for the C.W.A. My passing reference to "union concessions" was not intended to diminish that victory. Overall, my brief abstraction of the situation in the telephone industry, combined with my closing emphasis on the initiative of the Oil and Chemical Workers, understated the 1989 successes and current commitment of the Communications Workers—and of many other progressive unions.

I thank Steve Early for clarifying these points and hope that a national health insurance system will not only free organized labor from triennial battles over concessions but will make basic medical services available to unorganized Americans as well. *Colin Gordon*

. . . TILL I DIE

Riverside, Calif.

I was pleased to see Denis MacShane's article on gulf migrant labor, "Working in Virtual Slavery" [March 18] until I saw that MacShane got it dead wrong when he wrote, "Most Arab union confederations have been members of the Moscow-based World Federation of Trade Unions, which was never critical of suppression of workers' rights in any of its affiliated countries—two of which are Iraq and Kuwait." As a longtime reader of two of the regular publications of the W.F.T.U., I know better. Countries, of course, do not affiliate with the W.F.T.U., but trade unions do. And when the unions have criticisms of their governments, which happens frequently, the W.F.T.U. publishes the fact and often takes a position on the problem. Just a brief look through back issues of "Flashes From the Trade Unions," a weekly newsletter, would have informed MacShane.

In the May 22, 1987, issue a report headlined "The ICATU and the WFTU express concern at the dissolution of the Iraqi trade unions" tells that the general secretaries of the two organizations characterized the Iraqi government action as a violation of the I.L.O. conventions and the Arab Labor Organization's labor agreements, and as part of a stepped-up offensive against trade unions in a number of countries. In the March 16, 1990, issue a report headlined "Kuwait—Trade Unionists Under Attack" quotes a cable sent to the W.F.T.U. from the Kuwaiti Trade Union Federation denouncing planned changes in the labor code and notes that the W.F.T.U. responded with a call to world unionists to support the K.T.U.F. If the W.F.T.U. has been trying to kiss up to the governments of Iraq and Kuwait, it hasn't been doing a very good job.

Kevin Akin

MACSHANE REPLIES

Geneva

The W.F.T.U. consisted mainly of union federations aligned with their government and/or controlled by a political (usually Communist, but in Iraq's case, the Baathist) party. Given the longstanding repression of labor and union rights in the gulf countries, the fact that an assiduous search of the W.F.T.U. publications can dig up only the two lame references cited by Kevin Akin proves the point that the W.F.T.U. was worthless in defending the rights of Arab (and immigrant) workers. The question now is, Who is ready to take up their cause? *Denis MacShane*

CORRECTION

Due to confusion at the Carnegie Hall press office, the performer of the role of Klytemnestra in *Elektra* [Edward W. Said, "Music," May 6] was misidentified. She was Mignon Dunn.

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Illustrations by W.B. Park

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Manuscripts: The magazine cannot be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless accompanied by addressed, stamped envelopes.

Publisher, Arthur L. Carter

Associate Publisher and General Manager, Neil Black; *Associate Publisher and Advertising Director*, Chris Calhoun; *Advertising Sales Representative*, Caerthan Banks; *Classified Advertising Director*, Gary Pomerantz; *Business Manager*, Ann B. Epstein; *Bookkeepers*, Ivor A. Richardson, Shirleathia Watson; *Art/Production Manager*, Jane Sharples; *Vice President and Circulation Director*, Margaret Pyle; *Subscription Manager*, Cookee V. Klein; *Circulation Coordinator*, Jacqueline Lucas; *Receptionists*, Greta Loell, Vivette Dhanukdhari; *Data Entry and Mail Coordinator*, John Holtz; *Administrative Secretary*, Shirley Sulat; *Typography*, Sandy McCroskey; *Nation Associates: Assistant Director*, Carlos Durazo; Peter Rothberg, Peter Siskind; *Permissions and Back Issues*, Josh Neufeld; *Publicity and Special Projects Director*, Peter G. Meyer.

The Nation (ISSN 0027-8378) is published weekly (except for the first week in January, and biweekly in July and August) by The Nation Company, Inc.

© 1991 in the U.S.A. by The Nation Company, Inc., 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. (212) 242-8400. *Washington Bureau:* Suite 308, 110 Maryland Avenue N.E., Washington, DC 20002. (202) 546-2239. Second-class postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. International Telex: 667 155 NATION. Subscription orders, changes of address and all subscription inquiries: *The Nation*, P.O. Box 10763, Des Moines IA 50340-0763. *Subscription Price*: 1 year, $44; 2 years, $75. Add $18 for surface mail postage outside U.S. Missed issues must be claimed within 60 days (120 days foreign) of publication date. **Please allow 4-6 weeks for receipt of your first issue and for all subscription transactions.** Back issues $4 prepaid ($5 foreign) from: *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. *The Nation* is available on microfilm from: University Microfilms, 300 North Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to *The Nation*, P.O. Box 10763, Des Moines IA 50340-0763. This issue went to press on May 2.

EDITORIALS.

Cuomo Agonistes

If Mario Cuomo is running for President, his campaign is off to a peculiar start, with the huge April 30 labor march up lower Broadway in Manhattan protesting his budgetary ravages of social services and education for the coming fiscal year. The 25,000 marchers at the end of a drizzly workday were drawn from the huge service-sector unions of hospital workers, teachers and public employees, and they were largely black, Latino and female—the core of Cuomo's urban electoral base and his army of campaign volunteers. This was no kickoff rally. "We got you in," one of the placards proclaimed. "We'll get you out."

Cuomo is in a tight spot this year, but he is hardly alone among governors in facing big budget deficits, declining revenues, middle-class tax revolts and corporate pressure to cut expenditures. Two-thirds of the states are in the throes of financial crisis. He is, however, a standard-bearer for the Democrats, and others less lofty in their political station (or ambition) look to him for leadership in both policy and tactics. Even if he again chooses not to run, Cuomo will help develop the liberal line in the 1992 campaign.

It is a depressing prospect indeed. Cuomo the great orator

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of the 1984 Democratic National Convention has become the great windbag of state government. He has ceased even to talk about innovative programs or changes in priorities and concentrates instead on building prisons and blaming others for the state's problems. He rails against the inequities visited upon the various states by the Reagan/Bush cuts in aid while failing to acknowledge that his fellow Democrats in Congress bear a good deal of blame for their complicity in the whole sorry scheme. He snipes at the Republican-led State Senate and petulantly blames the unions protesting his budget for sabotaging the state's economy with their demands for wages and benefits.

Cuomo wants to slash $4.5 billion from the budget, thus devastating schools, colleges, mental health care, hospitals, Medicaid, the arts, law enforcement and transportation. Whole battalions of school crossing guards—a force at the foundation of black and Latino neighborhoods in New York City—would be eliminated. Poor and minority students would find their tuition at the colleges in the New York City University system (the third-largest in the country) increased by $500 a year, an effective bar to higher education for many. Home health care and preventive medicine programs would be cut, and about 2,400 mental-retardation jobs would be eliminated. And that's only a sample of the damage.

The militant unions, led by Dennis Rivera of Local 1199 of the Drug, Hospital and Health Care Employees, see red when they hear of the cuts in jobs and services. Their counterproposal, reduced to a slogan, is "Tax the Rich," and they would extend the idea to the national level if it catches on in New York. Cuomo expresses the fear of the governing class when he insists that redistributive taxation would drive corporations out of the state. (Where would CBS or Morgan Stanley go? New Jersey, with higher taxes? Or perhaps to Mexico, center of the media and financial world?) He seems to be saying that he is powerless to free a needy state held hostage by a few boards of directors. If that's what liberal Democrats are up to as the '92 campaign begins, those unions have their work cut out for them.

The Beat Goes On

Last week was a lively one in The Nation*'s continuing celebration of its 125th anniversary. On April 25 Katha Pollitt and literary editor Elsa Dixler spoke on feminism and the left before 250 people at Smith College. On April 27 columnist Alexander Cockburn talked to 500 people at a gathering at Syracuse, New York, on the press and the "new world order." On April 28 a banquet honoring the magazine and its editor and, not incidentally, raising funds for the intern program was held in New York City. Twenty speakers trooped to the rostrum to pay tribute before an audience of more than 200 friends and supporters at the Century Club. Among those present were people who played an important role in* The Nation*'s past—Linda Storrow, associate publisher under the late James J. Storrow Jr., the previous owner; Alan Sagner, a silent partner without whom the Fish-Navasky era might not have happened; and Hamilton Fish. Publisher Arthur Carter acted as emcee, introducing a balanced ticket of notable pols, including a former presidential candidate, the Mayor of New York, most of the city's top elected officials, the state Attorney General and two members of Congress, as well as a book bag of eminent literati. The lineup symbolized the melding of politics and literature in* The Nation*'s pages. Epitomizing that union was the following poem, composed for the occasion by Allen Ginsberg and read—or rather sung—by the author.*

JUST SAY YES CALYPSO

When Schwarzkopf's Father busted Iran's Mossadegh
They put in the Shah and his police the Savak
They sucked up his oil, but got Ayatollah's dreck
So Thirty years later we hadda arm Iraq

Though he used poison gas, Saddam was still our man
But to aid the Contras, hadda also arm Iran

Mesopotamia was doing just fine
Till the Ottoman Empire blew up on a mine
They had apple orchards in Eden and Ur
Till the Snake advised George Bush "This land is yours"

The Garden foul'd up, brimstone came down
In the good old days we had plenty ozone

The British & Americans & Frenchmen all
Took concessions in the Garden So the Garden took a fall
Got addicted to Emirs and their fossil fuels
Police state Sheiks & Intelligence ghouls

The Sphinx lost his nose, acid ate the Parthenon
Pretty soon the Persian Gulf'll be dead and gone

The Saudi desert bloomed with oil pipe lines
To push the auto industry It's yours & it's mine
LA and Osaka got a habit on gas
In a bulletproof Caddie you can really move your ass

LA and Osaka got a habit on gas
In a bulletproof Caddie you can really move your ass

From a Mickey Mouse war on cocaine & crack
We dropped a million bombs on the kids in Iraq
How many we killed nobody wants to tell
It'd give a lousy picture of a war they gotta sell

When they wave a yellow ribbon & an oily flag
Just say Yes or they'll call you a Fag
When they wave a yellow ribbon & an oily flag
Just say yes or else they'll call you a fag

ALLEN GINSBERG

The Wrong Choice

When people with power talk school reform, they're usually less concerned with children than with politics: the politics of curriculum, the politics of school funding, the politics of race. Thus, behind President Bush's grandiose April 18 call for "New American Schools" lie some pernicious though familiar political goals: handing big business the purse strings of reform, placating the religious right with unconstitutional

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subsidies to parochial institutions, further marginalizing cities and the poor.

Not once in his twenty-four-minute education address did Bush utter the words "public school." In fact, Bush wants to erase public education as fully from the American vocabulary as he did from his speech. To Bush, "parental choice" doesn't mean encouraging flexible alternatives to sometimes-stagnant neighborhood schools, as Deborah Meier described in these pages March 4. It means removing tax dollars from public classrooms and removing schooling itself from the civic domain.

Bush would hand the tiller of education reform to the corporations, many of which years ago abandoned America's cities. He proposes a corporate-controlled "R&D" fund of $150 million or more, to be doled out as patronage to favored "model" initiatives. The notion that a good dose of business management can straighten out our schools is an old one. But the most successful efforts to reform and re-energize public education have little in common with hardball corporate management: Nearly all emphasize participatory democracy or consensus decision making among teachers, parents, administrators and school communities.

"Dollar bills don't educate students," Bush declared in his education speech, making much of the nation's 33 percent increase in per-pupil spending over the past decade. But that increase—most of it from states and cities—came during a decade that saw massive federal cuts in child nutrition, health care and housing; a decade in which rising homelessness and poverty placed unprecedented burdens on public school systems. "We've got to, first, insure that every child starts school ready to learn," said the President. Yet Head Start, the one program that even Republicans agree promotes future academic success, is underfunded and has places for fewer than 20 percent of eligible children.

Bush says American education must prepare children to compete in a new global economy. But the United States is at the bottom of the class in school spending. In 1990 the Economic Policy Institute pointed out that we spend proportionately less on education than thirteen other major industrialized nations. And in early April the American Federation of Teachers, drawing on data from Unesco and other agencies, placed the U.S. eleventh out of fifteen industrial countries in the percentage of their gross national product devoted to education. The United States, found the A.F.T., has larger class sizes and lower-paid teachers.

Of course, there is always money for education of the wealthy and powerful. The same week that Bush announced his education strategy, his alma mater, Yale, received a $20 million gift from Texas billionaire Lee Bass to endow a model program in "the central elements of Western civilization."

Meanwhile, just outside the university's halls, the New Haven public school system is in court fighting for minimally adequate funding for its 18,000 pupils. The New Haven schools exemplify the irrelevance of the Bush prescription. "Innovation" isn't a problem in this impoverished but resourceful city. Head Start was invented in New Haven, and since 1968 the New Haven schools have been home to a pioneering school development effort (which Bush praised) led by child psychiatrist James Comer.

There are two full-time librarians for twenty of the city's elementary schools; six schools have no library at all. Average elementary school class size is more than twenty-five pupils per teacher. This year the New Haven schools nearly lost an effective computer-assisted instruction program because the city couldn't afford to pay the bills. There's no money for building repair, so children learn to read amid falling masonry and leaking roofs. Nearby suburban towns, however—including Fairfield, where Bush grew up—spend as much as three times the money per pupil, with already-advantaged students enjoying all the benefits of small classes, plentiful technology and up-to-date texts.

There's nothing unusual about this disparity. American schools are funded principally through an obsolete system of property taxes. Deceptively called "local control," this system now serves as a vehicle for preserving the privileges of the suburbs. These radical economic and racial inequities have landed New Jersey, Kentucky, Texas and Connecticut in court in the past few years. Indeed, the legal challenge to school finance inequity promises to be the great civil rights battleground of the 1990s, with the same explosive potential as *Brown v. Board of Education* a generation ago.

BRUCE SHAPIRO

Bruce Shapiro is a member of the Initiative for Quality Urban Education (I-QUE), a New Haven education advocacy group.

Singham Memorial

A memorial tribute to A.W. (Archie) Singham, teacher and member of *The Nation*'s editorial board, will be held at the Community Church of New York, 35th Street between Park and Madison Avenues in Manhattan, on Sunday, May 19, at 2:30.

★

If You Knew What Sununu (Reprise)

If you knew what Sununu
Now knows about getting a plane,
You'd need not acquire Pan Am frequent flier
Awards for your summer in Spain.

If you flew like Sununu,
You'd just requisition a crew,
And go island hopping (or Paris for shopping)
In style, in a B-52.

Calvin Trillin

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MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

In Prague last Thanksgiving, for my first visit since I was locked up and deported in the dying convulsions of the Stalinist regime, I made haste to look up an old friend. Jan Kavan is the son of a Czechoslovak man and an English woman whose family travail during fascism, war, resistance, the Stalin show trials and the "premature anti-Brezhnevite" period of the Dubcek movement is excellently set down by his mother, Rosemary Kavan, in her memoir, *Love and Freedom*. Exiled and stripped of his citizenship by the post-1968 occupation regime, Jan had set up the Palach Press in London and quickly made himself indispensable to scholars and journalists pursuing reliable information from Eastern Europe. He became the lifeline between the Charter 77 movement and the loose but influential collective of international groups working on human rights, disarmament and European unity. As soon as the Brezhnevites had been evicted from "The Castle" in Prague, he returned home and ran successfully for Parliament as a deputy in Vaclav Havel's Civic Forum.

Last year we dined in one of the beautiful squares of the Old Town, and Jan talked fluently about the internal politics of the new system, emphasizing the attempt being made to isolate the radicals who had kept up the clandestine opposition during the harshest years of repression. Then he took me to the memorial of the resistance in Wenceslas Square, and we talked about the past. He had always known, he said, that the regime would crack one day, but he had not been certain of living to see it. So his commitment to opposition, though it derived from socialist politics and family history, was in some sense also influenced by Havel's concept of moral resistance; of refusing as a person to live as anything other than a free man. I shook his hand, bade him good luck in the impending struggle against the one-note neo-Thatcherites who were trying to standardize politics, and departed.

In March of 1991, a commission of the Czech and Slovak Parliament issued a report in which Jan Kavan was "named" as having collaborated with the secret police forces of the former government.

In a letter released on March 15, Dr. Jaroslav Sabata captures my reaction to perfection, saying: "All my experience cries out against the accusation. I regard the accusation as absurd and unfounded." But since I lack the stature of a Sabata—he was a longstanding and brave opponent of the invasion and is now a minister in Havel's government—I have had to take a close look at the evidence. The frame-up is even cruder than I had feared.

In London in 1969, Kavan was approached by the education counselor at the Czechoslovak Embassy in London. There was nothing unusual in this, since Jan had been elected spokesperson for the Czechoslovak students then living abroad and was empowered to deal with their consular and visa problems. However, the official, a Mr. Zajicek, represented himself privately as a covert supporter of the deposed Dubcek government. This too was not altogether improbable; in 1969 the great purge of state employees had not had time to get under way, and the hideous word "normalization" was still unfamiliar. Yet either at that date or a later one, Mr. Zajicek switched sides and became a conformist. He made a report of his meeting with Jan Kavan to the secret police.

Then what? you may ask. That's it. That's the whole accusation. Through an exchange with a minor informer, logged by quisling bureaucrats two decades ago, Jan is deemed to have been listed as a contact for the secret police. The method by which the accusation was made public is as shabby as the accusation itself. Jan was given no chance to review the evidence against him and was peremptorily asked to resign from Parliament within fifteen days. He has been given no opportunity to confront or question the dubious Mr. Zajicek. The parliamentary commission both conducted the "investigation" and, by a 6-to-5 majority, announced the verdict. Jeri Laber of Helsinki Watch does not exaggerate when, in a letter to President Vaclav Havel, she makes an allusion to the nightmare of Joseph K.

Jan's position, though, is preferable in many respects to that of Kafka's poor victim. He has numerous admirers and friends abroad, from the U.S. Senate to the European Parliament, and many of these have written to Havel in the strongest terms. It was, after all, Havel himself who correctly opposed an early lynch-mob atmosphere by pointing out that "those who in fact served the totalitarian regime . . . are the very same people who are the loudest today. They shout so loudly to drown their own guilty conscience . . . to compensate somehow for their own humiliation." And it is a fact that many of the neoconservatives now in positions of power in Czechoslovakia either kept quiet as mice during the occupation or accepted positions of minor responsibility. A genuinely guilty collaborator can now, it seems, easily save his or her own hide by "naming names" and implicating independent-minded dissidents. So far, however, that prince of moralists Havel has not found the words with which to condemn this sordid and increasingly menacing process.

George Konrad warned at an early stage in the Eastern European revolution that the wrong people would get hold of police files and use them for coercive purposes. Kavan ruefully admits that he voted for the law that instituted a purge of the old collaborators, not realizing that it would be so cynically implemented, with so little safeguard.

Given the extreme tensions in the new republics, with shock levels of unemployment, disputes over the distribution of former properties and privileges, and the frequent, highly toxic recrudescence of national and minority questions, it is tempting for demagogues and careerists to smear people who would make trouble for a new elite. Guilt by suspicion is easy to play upon in conditions of rumor, scarcity and instability. The resolution of the Kavan case will be an important demonstration of the way things are tending. It would be nice if those who were so eloquent and indignant in the past could find their voices again, and oppose the method of the witch hunt and the inquisition.

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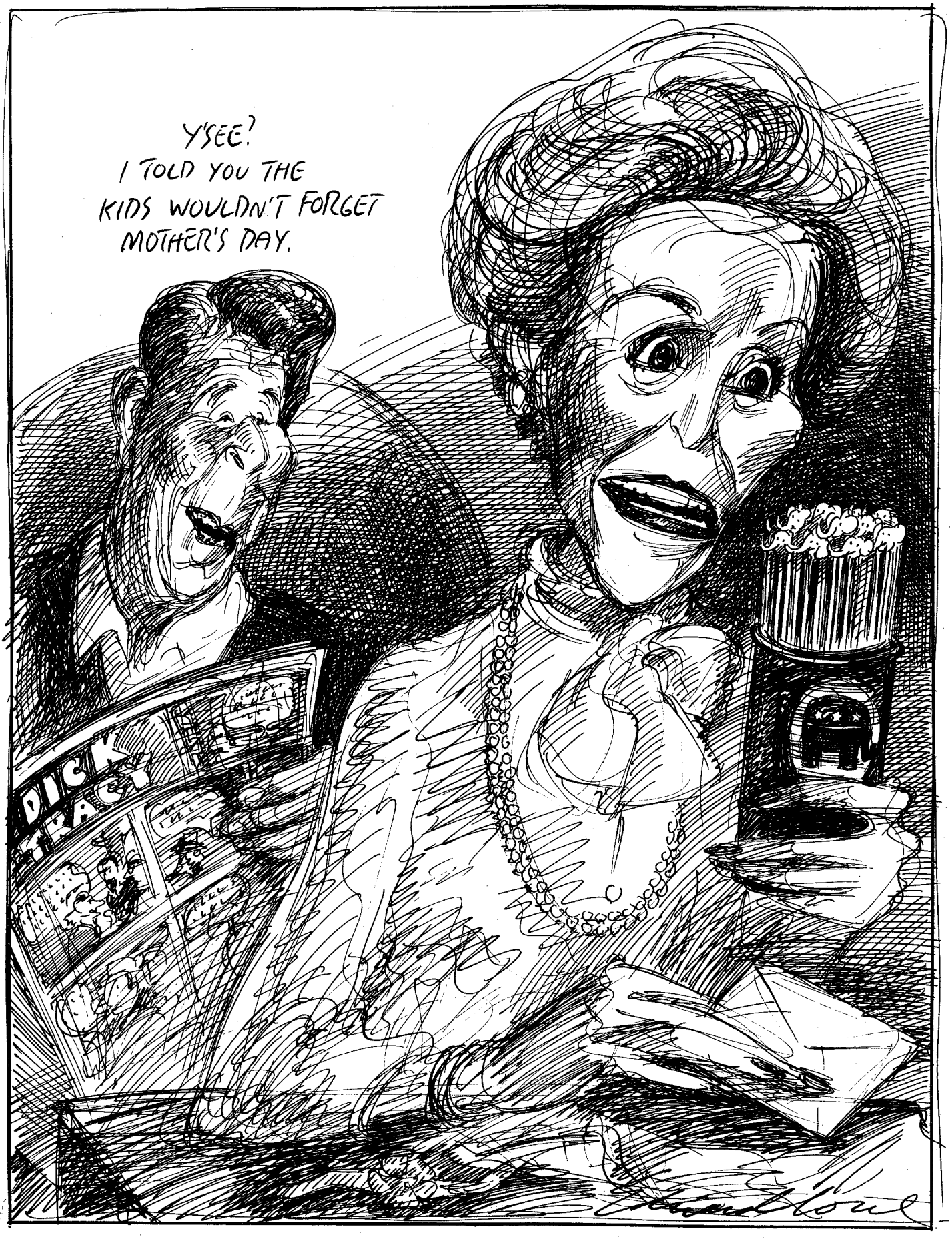
The Swizzle Sticks Return

EDWARD SOREL



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ARTICLES.

THE TURKEY THAT WON'T DIE

Bush's Pro-Nuke Energy Strategy

HARVEY WASSERMAN

Homestead, Fla.

Nestled in a lush tropical cove at the northern tip of the Florida Keys, the Turkey Point power plant stands as a national symbol for the fight over war and energy that could dominate the post-gulf war 1990s. For in the wake of George Bush's assault on Iraq, the issues of nuclear power and atomic warhead production have become more thoroughly intertwined than ever. Both industries are trying desperately to inaugurate a modernized generation of production plants. And the fate of both may very well be determined within the next two years, in far-flung places like the lagoon at Turkey Point.

Consisting of two atomic reactors (both now shut) and two oil burners, Turkey Point thoroughly embodies the Bush Administration's national energy strategy. Announced at the White House in late February, just before the gulf war ground attack, the Bush strategy calls for accelerated emphasis on oil exploration and nuclear power. Even the sparse conservation measures apparently favored by Adm. James Watkins, Energy Secretary, were summarily dismissed by White House Chief of Staff John Sununu.

For the Bush Administration, particularly in the wake of Iraq's defeat, oil remains at center stage, with demands for expanded drilling offshore and in the Alaska National Wildlife Refuge. The Administration's main "alternative" is nuclear power. More than $430 million is set aside for research, development and other industry subsidies in fiscal year 1992, which is twice the amount set aside for renewable energy sources. The Department of Energy (D.O.E.) also calls for "streamlining" the licensing process, shorthand for excluding the public. A hearing is now required both when a construction permit is granted and when the reactor is completed and about to go on line. The Nuclear Regulatory Commission, which is supposed to oversee reactor construction and operation, is now in court attempting to delete the second hearing. "The industry doesn't want to face public scrutiny after they've built a plant," says Michael Mariotte of the Nuclear Information and Resource Service, which sued the N.R.C. on the issue. "They want to walk in with plans and a site and sail through, even if there's a meltdown at a similar plant, an earthquake at the site, a bankruptcy at the utility. It's totally undemocratic and outrageous."

Harvey Wasserman is the author of Harvey Wasserman's History of the United States. *As senior adviser to the Greenpeace Nuclear Campaign, he was co-planner of a recent national conference on nuclear power and weapons.*

Last November the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Washington, D.C., Circuit agreed, and unanimously ruled in N.I.R.S.'s favor. But the Administration and the nuclear industry are now pushing Congress to pass legislation that would omit the second hearing. "The industry believes that no utility company will begin the process if it has to face the public after the reactor is built," says Mariotte. "They can't stand the uncertainty." Indeed, the current consensus is that after financially catastrophic delays at Seabrook, New Hampshire, and other sites around the country, Wall Street would never fund another commercial reactor project.

The fates of both nuclear power and warheads have never been more vitally intertwined.

But Bush has an answer: funding by the producers themselves. Buried in the Administration plan is a provision to allow nonutility producers to sell large quantities of electricity into the national grid, free of state regulation. In essence, this is an end run around local public utility commissions and allows multinationals like General Electric and Westinghouse to build their own reactors and then market the juice without worrying about local scrutiny. In partnership with nuclear construction companies like Bechtel and Stone and Webster, G.E. and Westinghouse could use tacit participation by a pronuclear utility like Florida Power & Light to site their own reactor and fire up. Bechtel and Westinghouse's recent purchase of a controlling share of a Michigan reactor from the utility that originally ordered it may be a sign of similar moves soon to follow.

The strategy is crucial now because the industry is desperately seeking salvation in a new generation of reactors. "The consensus is that this last batch of nukes was a failure," says Mariotte. "The industry needs to shed the images of Three Mile Island and Chernobyl, and the general belief that it's an economic turkey. They seem to think a vaguely different design with an 'inherently safe' label can help them do that."

There are now just under 120 reactors in the United States either licensed to operate or still in the active pipeline. That's down 880 from the 1,000 Richard Nixon predicted in 1974, in the aftermath of the first oil embargo. In fact, there have been no orders brought to completion since Nixon's prediction.

That has spelled disaster for the industry, which has seen a generation of scientists drift away, and which can barely sustain the personnel pool needed to operate and maintain the reactors now in service. "A few more years without a new order, or the prospect of a mass revival, and the industry is just plain out of business," says Scott Denman, director of the Washington-based Safe Energy Communication Council. "They can't sustain themselves on hollow dreams."

But with the ascent of John Sununu and the Persian Gulf

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blitzkrieg, the industry is stirring. Its Washington-based P.R. front, the U.S. Council for Energy Awareness, has been pumping out $20 million a year in print and electronic hype. The latest ads claim nuclear power has saved Americans some 4.3 million barrels of oil since 1973. But even with oil at $30 per barrel, the best the industry can claim to have saved us in two decades is about $130 billion—not much when compared with an investment variously estimated at between $500 billion and $1 trillion.

The reactor makers also claim to save the United States as much oil as it imported from Iraq and Kuwait. But less than 6 percent of the oil the United States uses goes to produce electricity, and much of that is residual "trash" oil from the gasoline refining process, which has no other use and is imported from Venezuela. "Even going nuclear for 100 percent of our electricity would make barely a dent in our oil addiction," says Mariotte. "Their whole argument is specious."

Also specious is the idea that a substantial number of new reactors could come on line soon. Given what has happened to date, no utility is about to order a first-generation plant. An "enhanced" model is being built by G.E. and Mitsubishi in Japan, but it remains unproven.

The industry's hopes lie instead with a new generation of reactors, for which four preliminary designs are in circulation. None have been brought to the construction phase. Robert Pollard, a former N.R.C. official now working for the Union of Concerned Scientists, says nothing firm will be ready for licensing for three to five years. At least five years of construction would follow, probably more. So even under optimum industry conditions, no new-generation plants are likely to open in this century.

But the industry is desperate to get one ordered, and that's where Turkey Point comes in. The reactor makers have named Florida as a prime state to get a new plant built. Florida Power & Light is supportive, and Florida Senator Bob Graham, who chairs the Senate Subcommittee on Nuclear Regulation, is generally in favor of nuclear power. Michael Wilson, former chair of the Florida Public Service Commission, has publicly invited the industry into the Sunshine State, where former Governor Bob Martinez, who appointed Wilson, slashed funding for solar-energy research.

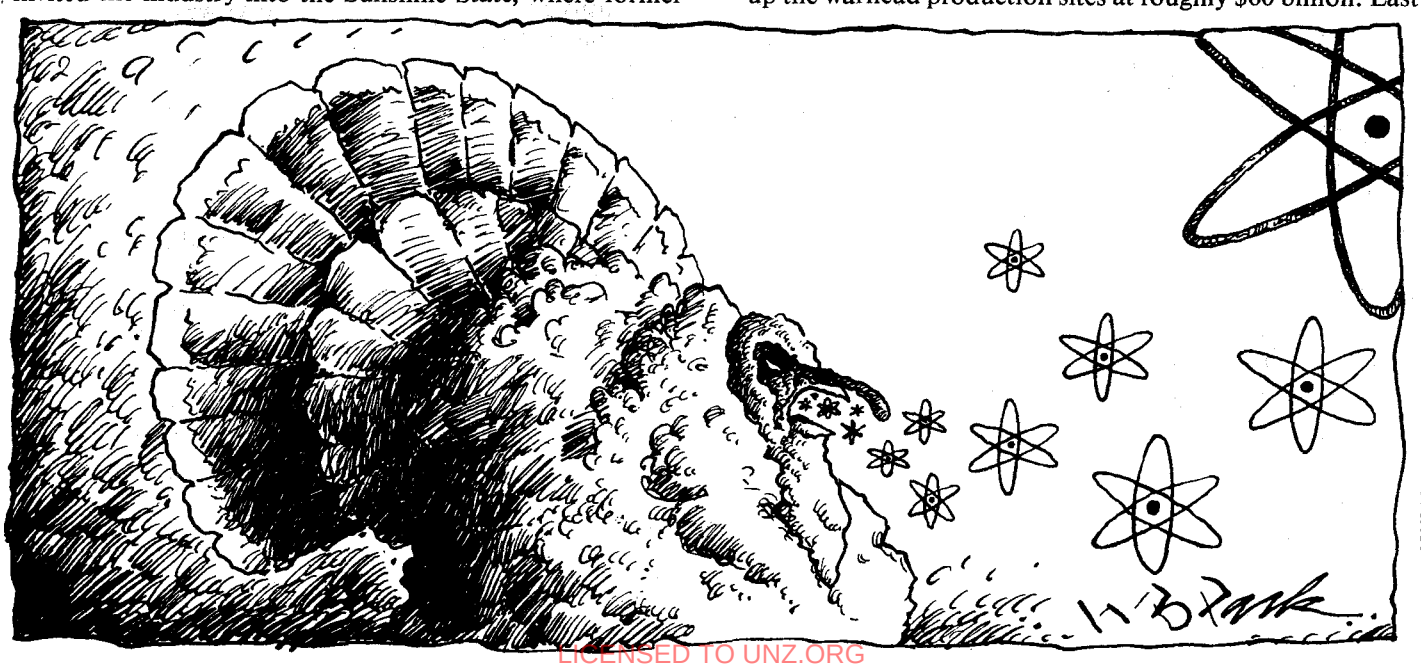
Many Floridians believe, however, that Turkey Point is aptly named. Its two reactors are shut at least until November to install emergency diesel backup generators. Local activists charge the money could be better spent on solar alternatives, and they may sue. As Joette Lorion, director of the Center for Nuclear Responsibility, says, "Both of the pressure vessels that surround the reactor cores are severely embrittled due to radiation damage, which makes them susceptible to meltdown."

A bitter battle over Turkey Point would almost certainly dampen the ardor of Florida Power & Light or any Wall Street backers for a new reactor in Florida. Attention might then focus on the Tennessee Valley Authority or North Carolina's Duke Power, both of which have ardently pronuclear C.E.O.s. The T.V.A.'s Marvin Runyon has already threatened to restart construction on six mothballed reactors.

But both areas also present problems. "If they're scared out of Florida the industry's going to have its work cut out for it anywhere else," says Mariotte. "It's easy to buy print ads and win votes in Congress. Actually getting these plants built is a whole other story."

That's where the D.O.E.—and atomic weapons—could come in. Throughout the 1980s, while global debate raged over the potential for an East-West nuclear conflagration, the actual machinery for building nuclear bombs slipped into disrepair. From the swamps of South Carolina's Savannah River complex to the deserts of the huge Hanford site along the Columbia River in Washington, from Fernald near Cincinnati to Rocky Flats outside Denver, the seventeen U.S. warhead production facilities have degenerated and are approaching collapse. Radioactive emissions have exceeded even lax D.O.E. standards, with lethal impact downwind.

A spate of damaging news coverage about the health problems of people living downwind from the plants has helped force the D.O.E. to reconsider how it builds bombs. When Watkins took over, his staff estimated the cost of cleaning up the warhead production sites at roughly $60 billion. Last



ILLUSTRATIONS BY W.B. PARK

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year a Government Accounting Office study put the figure at $125 billion to $155 billion. In March the Office of Technology Assessment estimated that the cost could go as high as $155 billion.

In the meantime, the D.O.E.'s ability to maintain its atomic arsenal has come into question. The military has admitted to being "awash in plutonium," with enough stockpiled and available from obsolete warheads to maintain the arsenal for decades. Tritium, however, is another story. A key element in advanced warhead design, the radioactive gas decays quickly enough to require a constant supply. Arms-control advocates have suggested allowing the arsenal to decay automatically along with the tritium, which would yield a decline of about 5 percent per year in available megatonnage. The D.O.E. doesn't like the idea and wants to build at least one new tritium production reactor, most likely at Savannah River.

With its New Production Reactor as the centerpiece, the D.O.E. has presented an overhaul plan it euphemistically terms "reconfiguration." The idea, it says, is to create a weapons-production complex "which is smaller, less diverse, and less expensive to operate." New equipment would be brought on line at five or six key facilities, with the rest being abandoned. The process would begin around 1996, end "well before" the year 2015 and cost in the range of $6.7 billion to $15.2 billion. The result, say weapons planners, would be an infrastructure capable of maintaining a downsized supply of warheads at a level between 15 percent and 70 percent of the current 20,000, depending on arms-reduction negotiations.

The proposal has aroused widespread fears that if sites like Fernald and Hanford are taken out of production, the D.O.E. will also abandon its cleanup plans. Degradation of the industry as a whole could have an impact; the D.O.E. is already complaining of a shortage of qualified personnel to staff the cleanup effort. The problem is particularly critical at Hanford, which continues to be mentioned as a potential national repository for radioactive waste. Within the next year alone, for example, as many as thirty retired submarine reactors may be headed toward burial there.

Indeed, the tendency merely to walk away from abandoned production sites and turn them into dumps will be hard to resist. But the D.O.E. may also use reconfiguration as a cover to save the commercial reactor industry, using national security as a pretext for developing a new generation of prototype reactors. The department has already floated the idea of using an advanced reactor to power the Portsmouth, Ohio, enrichment facility, which currently uses as much electricity as Cleveland.

In any case, hundreds of millions of dollars have already been spent preparing for the New Production Reactor. The 1992 D.O.E. request for it is $550 million, and the design is due to be chosen by December 31, 1991, with the betting strong on a high-temperature, gas-cooled model, usable as a prototype for a new line of power plants.

But, as always, politics will determine the choice of sites. "Grass-roots opposition at the weapons-production sites has had an enormous impact on D.O.E. planning," says Robert Alvarez, a staff member for Senator John Glenn's Committee on Government Affairs. "Watkins sees those letters from the people living around the plants, and they are taken very seriously." Thus the Savannah River plant in conservative South Carolina is not only the likeliest target for the New Production Reactor but will probably be the center for the entire future of nuclear-warhead production.

And the fates of both nuclear power and warheads, of the new generation of reactors and of reconfiguration, have never been more vitally intertwined. With both industries at life-or-death turning points, we can expect the mass media to churn out even more hype about the need to keep our atomic power plants and our nuclear warheads ever at the ready.

But the ecological and economic costs have also never been more obvious. For one thing, despite resistance from the Reagan and Bush administrations, which cut the D.O.E.'s solar research budget from $770 million in 1980 to $219 million in 1992, renewable energy has made several major breakthroughs in the past several years. Photovoltaic cells, which convert sunlight directly to electric current, and which could decentralize most of our electric supply, are coming closer to mass application. And a large-scale solar thermal facility northeast of Los Angeles has come on line, producing electricity at 8 cents per kilowatt-hour with 95 percent reliability, a record far exceeding anything the nuclear industry can offer. Windmills at Altamont and two other major California sites now generate enough electricity to power San Francisco at 5 cents per kilowatt-hour, well under half the cost of new nuclear capacity. Experts on North American wind patterns conservatively estimate that within the next two or three decades the United States could derive 20 percent of its electric supply from wind—as much as we now get from atomic reactors. With both wind and solar thermal technology, capital costs and time frames for new capacity are less than half of even best-case scenarios accompanying new-generation reactors. Major advances in energy efficiency could do even more.

The case for nuclear power has also suffered a new setback in Japan. There, in the midst of a massive push for more plants, mechanical failure and operator error resulted in a flooded steam generator and a serious radiation release, followed by the inevitable cover-up and scandal.

In the United States, the fight continues to rage over both power reactors and weapons production at far-flung sites like Turkey Point and Rocky Flats. Ultimately the reverberations from those battles find their way to Congress, the White House

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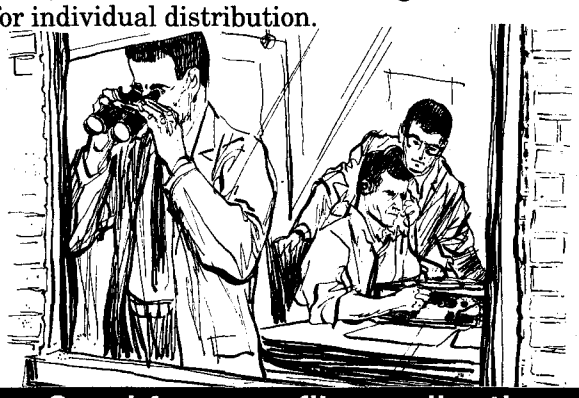

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and the national media. For the next few years, it will be the ground war in places like the swamps of South Carolina and south Florida, the hills of Tennessee and the flatlands east of the Rockies that will determine the fate of nuclear power and weapons. Whatever the result, the fallout will be with us all for a long time to come. ☐

REMAINDERING MARX

Polish Publishing Goes to Market

PETER B. KAUFMAN

On any given Wednesday in March, you can stroll 1,000 yards in downtown Warsaw and pass twenty-five establishments selling books. On Nowy Swiat and Krakowskie Przedmiescie, seven of these are bona fide bookstores, one is the Writers' Union headquarters and one the British and Foreign Bible Society. Fifteen are card tables with piles of books on them. One is a blanket with a stack of books on it. All are doing brisk business in such titles as *Business English* and *Have a Nice Trip!*, cookbooks, juvenile picture-books and thrillers. Hubert, a 21-year-old student who mans a card table between the Europejski Hotel and the Defense Ministry, will tell you quite jovially, once you can push through his customers, that on warm-weather days he can move 200 to 300 books in six hours. And on this Wednesday, the sun is out.

Step inside a state-owned publishing house, however (there are about forty to choose from), and you'll feel the stillness of a morgue. Occasionally a door will slam in the headquarters of these giant stonework caverns; you'll hear a pair of slippers flapping in a hallway; maybe a spoon will drop on tiles and echo for miles as tea is prepared for a guest. The staffs in these houses, many of whom were comfortable under the old system, are shocked by the rapidity of the transition from a command economy. I asked to meet the chief of one publishing house now being privatized by a government committee; I wanted to get a better sense of the house's future plans. "Let us live out our last days in peace," came the hissed answer over the telephone. "Go away."

In the late 1940s and early 1950s, the totalitarian regimes in the former Eastern bloc developed a blueprint for centralizing the means of producing and distributing printed materials and putting them under state control. In Poland, the regime brought all the book-production equipment—typesetting, printing, binding and packaging machinery and the paper mills—under its direct control. It created a state-run monopoly copyright agency to control publishers' access to outside information and manuscripts, erected a monopoly distribution agency and a monitored postal system to control

Peter B. Kaufman heads PUBWATCH, a nonprofit organization that coordinates Western assistance to publishers in Central and Eastern Europe.

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the dissemination of all printed materials and established a state monopoly import-export company for selling books to, and buying books from, foreign countries.

Most important, it nationalized the finances of all legal publishers. The regime directly subsidized certain houses and indirectly subsidized printing plants and distributors. It taxed and rewarded authors and controlled the revenue earned by publishers, and it determined each publisher's annual list. The system could insure that publishing house A published exclusively children's literature, house B only socialist-country literature, house C only Western literature in translation, and that within those categories A, B and C published books that would not challenge the regime.

Today, with this system crumbling, Polish publishing is somewhere between the catatonia of shock and the euphoria of liberation. The mammoth state publishing houses have seen their subsidies evaporate. Now they must adapt to market conditions with no prior experience in real cost-accounting, and with none of what Jerzy Sito of Czytelnik, Poland's leading publisher of quality American literature, refers to as the "alien skills" of marketing and aggressive salesmanship. They have to restructure their staffs (fire people), adjust their lists to publish potboilers that sell and, as all of them joke, cross their fingers and pray. An editor at Iskry, a state-owned publishing house that is also being privatized by government committee, spoke to me last year of the two measures his chief could take to save his house. One was to wait for a miracle; the other to sack half the staff and start publishing Sherlock Holmes. But because numerous houses are planning to do likewise, many valuable books of the sort they used to publish—in both arts and sciences—will not see the light of day.

The underground publishers that used to sustain millions of people now have to emerge above ground as legal, tax-paying enterprises, and pay staffs with money rather than the emotional rewards that came from carrying illegal books through the night in a Lada. Moreover, they emerge in an environment with no defined enemy. Whereas publishing was a political mission under martial law, it seems to many only a business today.

These houses, along with hundreds of new independents, are trying to band together to create a functioning, free publishing and bookselling system after decades of living under a manifestly abnormal system. Yet they are uncertain which models to follow. This month at the Warsaw International Book Fair, more than 100 Polish publishers and booksellers will attend a three-day seminar on "The Structure of Publishing and Bookselling in the United States, U.K., France and Germany." Representatives from each country will explain who owns Western companies (families? shareholders? employees?), how the various governments support or neglect publishing and bookselling, and the relationship between printing, publishing and bookselling. Leaders of the Polish publishing community have also been traveling around Europe and the United States to get more ideas about how to make over their own industry.

The decisions the Poles make will have a long-lasting impact, so reform is being studied carefully and deliberately. But there is a sense of urgency too. No infrastructure has been established yet—no legitimate copyright law (the present one

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dates from 1953), no steady information about Western publishing, no commercial book reviews. Most damaging, though, is the absence of effective book distribution networks and of successful coordinating agencies that can inform publishers, booksellers and readers about what the publishers are publishing, and when. The lack of a support structure, the chaos in the market and Leszek Balcerowicz's reform program, which has ushered in a market economy, are rapidly scarring the Polish book trade—and the scars are likely to last.

In the past, the forty legal publishers used to send the entirety of each print run of every book to Skladnica Ksiegarska, the monopoly book distributor. Skladnica in turn would sell the books to the eighteen Dom Ksiazki (House of Books) enterprises, and Dom Ksiazki would put the books in stores. Thus every book published in the old Poland was sure to be distributed and promoted, even if promotion meant no more than an announcement in the catalogue for state-owned retailers.

Skladnica no longer distributes all the books published in Poland. Indeed, two of every five titles published in Poland now go directly from publisher to retailer. Because Poland was flooded last year with all sorts of information—television, magazines, newspapers—and long-desired consumer goods, the demand for books, and in particular for those books that were on the market, took a sudden precipitate dip. As a result, billions of zlotys' worth of books now lie unsold in Skladnica's eleven warehouses: millions of copies, thousands of titles. Some of the old publishing houses—Ossolineum, publisher of the Academy of Sciences, or the State Scientific Publishing House—still work with the company for its facilities, out of habit, and in the hope of recouping some of the millions of dollars Skladnica owes them.

For most publishers in business now, Skladnica, if it is employed at all, is only one of a dozen wholesalers. But the new agents take minimal pains to promote books. Publishers trying their own advertising are uncertain what to do. One exception is NOWA, the former underground house, which employs a team of street urchins to distribute cover posters with ordering information to the bookstores in the capital. The sidewalk vendors, whose few tables two years ago were stacked with the writings of Karl Popper and Alexander Solzhenitsyn, by and large won't take serious literature anymore. "These boys on the street," as one publisher refers to the hawkers with their card tables, "want only best sellers."

At Skladnica headquarters, fifteen people work in an office that is trying to compile a bibliography and I.S.B.N.s—international standard book numbers—for all the books published in Poland. The office works closely with the Culture Ministry's Books Department, which collects information on registered publishers from the various regions of Poland. But many publishers trust neither Skladnica—the old Communist distributor, same name, same address—nor the ministry, and ignore the requests for information from the bureau. As a result, various publishers are releasing the same titles simultaneously, accusations of piracy are flying back and forth, and frazzled booksellers have no dependable way of knowing which books are coming out when.

The economic and currency reforms now in their second year are deforming the book trade in other, nefarious ways. In a country where the monthly interest rate on a loan was 12 percent in January and February, and where such credit is hard to come by anyway, a bookseller will not stock many books that do not sell instantly. Thus the wholesalers are attending to the needs of publishers of pornography and scandal stories, which sell with quick turnover, and forsaking the publishers of social sciences, law and modern belles-lettres—or what the Poles call *amibitna literatura*. This is not, strictly speaking, an issue of suppliers responding to free-market demand. It is a perversion in a bookselling system that is freeing up in an unnatural environment. But like the other perversions that are evident in Polish book culture since the collapse of totalitarianism, this one will have rotten consequences that will long outlast the two- or three-year transition period during which its features are most exaggerated.

The new enterprise Spacja—five people with a desktop computer system and an I.S.B.N. number—published its first book, a collection of essays by Octavio Paz, in January. They mailed Paz's agent a $200 advance, had the Spanish text translated and typeset in three weeks, printed 5,000 copies and delivered some books directly to stores and some to four new wholesalers. Theoretically, says Marek Krzyskow, 29 years old and the top dog, Spacja made a profit: Virtually all the books have been sold. But (and the staff listens attentively to this part of our conversation) the 25 percent inflation rate during the two months he waited for his net receipts wiped out most of the value of his earnings. No one had published Paz in Poland before. Can anyone afford to now?

While the structure of the book economy's supply side is leading most publishers to focus almost exclusively on *wagonova literatura*—reading for the train—the changing demand side is having the same effect. Michal Kabata, editor in chief of the state-owned Panstwowe Institut Wydawnictwo (P.I.W.),

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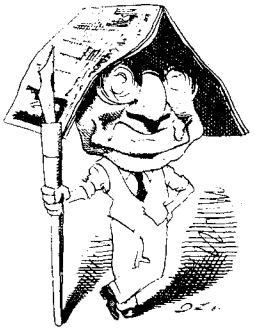
THE SECOND ANNUAL NATION MAGAZINE/I.F. STONE AWARD FOR STUDENT JOURNALISM



ENTRY DEADLINE: JUNE 29, 1991

PURPOSE: *The Nation* magazine/I.F. Stone Award recognizes excellence in student journalism. Entries should exhibit the uniquely independent journalistic tradition of I.F. Stone. A self-described "Jeffersonian Marxist," Stone combined progressive politics, investigative zeal and a compulsion to tell the truth with a commitment to human rights and the exposure of injustice. As Washington editor of *The Nation* and founder of the legendary *I.F. Stone's Weekly*, he specialized in publishing information ignored by the mainstream media (which he often found in *The Congressional Record* and other public documents overlooked by the big-circulation dailies).

ELIGIBILITY: The contest is open to all undergraduate students enrolled in a U.S. college. Articles may be submitted by the writers themselves or nominated by editors of student publications or faculty members. While entries originally published in student publications are preferred, all articles will be considered provided they were not written as part of a student's regular course work.

THE PRIZE: The article that, in the opinion of the judges, represents the most outstanding example of student journalism in the tradition of I.F. Stone will be published in a fall issue of *The Nation*. The winner will receive a cash award of $500. *The Nation* reserves the right to edit the winning article to conform to the space limitations of the magazine. Announcement of the winning article will be made in *The Nation* in the fall of 1991.

DEADLINE: All entries must be postmarked by June 29, 1991.

ENTRY RULES:

All entries must have been written or published between September 1, 1990, and June 29, 1991. Tear sheets or photocopies are acceptable.

Each writer, editor of a student publication or faculty member may submit up to three separate entries. A series of related articles will be considered as a single entry. Investigative articles are particularly encouraged. There are no restrictions as to scope, content or length.

Accompanying material in support of entries is not required, but entrants are encouraged to submit a cover letter explaining the context of the submitted story, along with a brief biographical note about the author. Elaborate presentations are neither required nor desired. Entries will not be returned.

Judges reserve the right to authenticate, accept or disallow entries at their discretion. The decision of the judges is final.

All entries must include the writer's school, home address and telephone number.

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one of Poland's premier publishers of literature, complains that people in Poland no longer have money for culture. "The old base of readers is gone," he says, a victim of the Finance Ministry's programs, which raised prices on everything and so reduced disposable income. (As one publisher told me, the problem is not in the books; it's in the money.) Today, Kabata can't even sell 5,000 copies of titles from P.I.W.'s "Library of Contemporary Thought" series, each of which used to sell 30,000 copies five years ago. Thus Ernst Gellner's *Nations and Nationalism*—a book Kabata considers vital "for the development of humanism in Poland"—will sell an estimated 10,000 copies, maximum. Kabata has had to cancel most of his scheduled books of contemporary Polish poetry, much of his planned contemporary literature and many of his translations of foreign literature, especially foreign classics like Victor Hugo.

Kabata and I know each other, so I don't mind appearing insulting with the next question. In the United States, with 250 million citizens, a book selling 40,000 copies can make it onto the best-seller list of *The New York Times*. In the old Poland, a country of 37 million people, it was not unusual for hundreds of thousands of copies of a single title to sell out in a week. "To what extent is your decline in readership a normalization of the Polish book market?" I ask. "I mean, maybe 5,000 or 10,000 is your real readership for a title of this sort in a country this size."

"Maybe." Kabata chews his mustache. "But the real problem is availability. In the old days, if a book someone wanted was published, it could be found without much difficulty. The irony is that today, when *anything* can be published, wholesalers and retailers are reluctant to stock most of the books, especially outside of Warsaw. Anyway, few know where to get them. In a *normal*—say, Western European—market, customers who want a book have no difficulty acquiring it."

The cockeyed patterns of supplier and customer behavior, along with the coordination and cash-flow problems, are the focus of some serious aid efforts. The Chamber of the Book, a new publishers' union now 110 institutions strong, is attempting to replace Skladnica's logging system with one that is trusted and technically up to par with those in Western Europe (the French have already donated some computers). The Culture Ministry, through its Books Department and its new Bureau of Property Transformation, is planning to establish loan funds and tax credits for publishers strapped for cash. But many publishers are loath to work with the government. Some think that the Culture Ministry should be abolished and something like the National Endowment for the Humanities established in its stead.

Some additional assistance is also coming in from abroad. The American Institute for Democracy in Eastern Europe has helped to create a new, quality book review, *Ex Libris*, that will eventually operate on a commercial basis. The British government (through the Book House Training Centre), the German Börsenverein and the French publishers' training association ASFORED are sponsoring various series of intensive, in-country workshops on sales and marketing. But in the meantime, until a steady infrastructure is built, publishing, bookselling and reading in Poland are taking some hits from which they will not shortly recover. □

Capitalism

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

Managers strive to enlarge their decision-making power in many ways: They expand the scope and intensity of administrative controls (e.g., more details in accounting reports, greater frequency of reports, ever closer monitoring of production workers, preference for centralized control), thus justifying larger subordinate staffs; they strive to reach the top, thereby controlling more people; they undertake to increase the power of their hierarchy against competing managements, for greater control over market/production share. Indeed, managerial controls and their direct costs are expanded regardless of productivity and large effects on profits. Failure to strive for expanded control is an unthinkable act, a cardinal violation of managerial culture, and is punishable by expulsion.

Top managers of U.S. and Soviet industry, in private as well as government offices, give priority to enlarging their decision power over production and production workers. Control in that sphere gives managers leverage over many other aspects of society, from the kinds of goods available in stores to the content of textbooks and television programs. In the classic business schema, extension of managerial power operates via the "circulation of capital" in and around production—investing, selling, profiting, accumulating finance capital and reinvesting in ever-larger enterprises.

In the Soviet economy, the instrumental routines for expanding managerial power are through promotion in the core party and state organizations that constitute the *nomenklatura*. Using their monopoly powers, as in banking, the Soviet state managers appropriate finance capital via the money flow that accompanies division of labor and trade; they also direct the allocation of key physical resources. Furthermore, the common U.S.-Soviet managerial quest for extending decision power operates in diverse market conditions, from nearly pure competition to monopoly. At the state managerial level profit-and-loss accounting and criteria are nonexistent; money for operations is appropriated from the national income.

All this is what I mean by the social relations of capitalism, specifically of state capitalism, being a dominant form of political economy, independent of variation in superstructure.

Under military state capitalism the drive to expand managerial power leads to sustained international violence, as state managers bring their military assets into play. The Vietnam War is a case in point. The conflict is inexplicable by the classic criteria of business imperialism—no trade or investment interests to speak of were involved. As *The Pentagon Papers* revealed, the war was an exercise in state managerial power extension, primarily to reinforce "our reputation as a guar-

Seymour Melman is professor emeritus of industrial engineering at Columbia University and chair of the National Commission for Economic Conversion and Disarmament. His latest books are The Demilitarized Society *(Harvest House),* Profits Without Production *(Alfred A. Knopf/University of Pennsylvania) and* The Permanent War Economy *(Simon and Schuster).*

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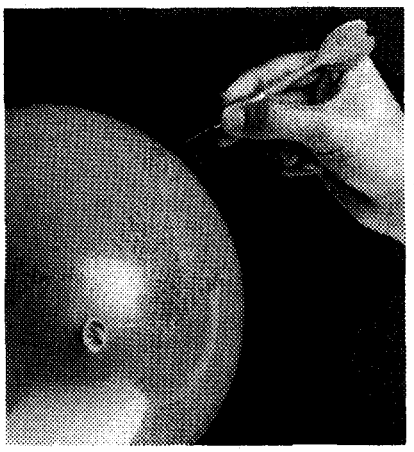

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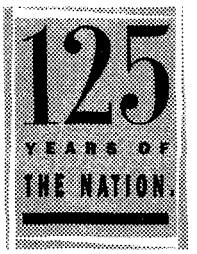

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MEDIA MIRAGE: COVERAGE OF THE GULF CRISIS is sponsored by the Department of Communication of the New School for Social Research and is co-sponsored by The Nation Institute, The Center for Constitutional Rights, and the Media Consortium Against the War. The event is made possible by support from the Funding Exchange, the North Star Fund, Media Network, Carol and W. H. Ferry and individual donors. For more information call (212) 340-4146.

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antor." So too the Soviet seizure of Afghanistan.

The same dynamic propelled the war in the gulf. United States and Soviet state managers had long competed in the selling of weapons and weapons-industrial technology to Iraq. Their goals were both short-term monetary gain and political influence with the managers of the Iraqi military state. Neither Iraq's seizure of Kuwait nor its war in Iran would have been possible without long and generous backing from both the Soviet and U.S. security establishments.

But then Iraq's state managers tried to go into business for themselves by seeking to usurp Western control over Kuwait. This was seen by their U.S. and Soviet state managers as a break with discipline. And so, with Soviet approval, America's military managers mounted an assault on Iraq; America's methods for wielding power over Iraq changed from buying in to beating down. The ambitions of U.S. state managers include the establishment of large permanent bases in the Middle East to replace the Western European bases "lost" with the wind-down of the cold war.

The expansionist drive among the managers of the military state has continued since the war. In March the White House announced that in order to maintain the economic health of the U.S. military industry, the government would apply its Export-Import Bank resources to finance the export of arms to diverse countries. This means a parade of Iraqs, including possible wars to control the managerial ambitions of subordinate military state managers.

The U.S. Air Force has embarked on a project that may cost as much as $95 billion to build new fighter planes that have no conceivable military opponent. But the merit is clear: to retain managerial control over a vast military-industrial empire, the needs of the rest of the United States be damned.

The United States has been operating under military state capitalism almost since the beginning of the long cold war. Consider that from 1949 to 1989, the total budget of the Defense Department (in 1982 dollars) was $8.2 trillion. That was greater than the monetary value of civilian industry's plant and equipment *and* of the nation's infrastructure in 1982, a total of $7.3 trillion. In other words, the government has invested more capital in its military account than would be required to replace most of the human-made machines and structures in the country.

In every year from 1951 to 1990, the Defense Department budget has exceeded the combined net profits of all American corporations. The Pentagon uses 75 percent of the federal government's research and development funds, has more employees than the rest of the government put together and has machinery assets that dwarf those of many corporations.

Commanding this militarized economy are the managers of the national security establishment, with the President at the apex of the hierarchy. In the United States the expansion of military state capitalism has led to profound alterations in the ruling class, government and economy.

The Ruling Class. American business and government have always been partners, sharing power, but business used to be the dominant partner. During World War II, however, government and business became equal partners. Then came the

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cold war and the managerial reorganization of the Pentagon after 1961, when Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara installed the Central Administrative Office in the Pentagon. This expanded and consolidated top managerial control, and government managers became the senior partners in the relationship, as indicated by their pre-eminence in control over capital in all its forms. The normal managerial ruling-class thrust for maintaining and enlarging decision power is now centered in the Pentagon.

Government. The Constitution gives the President, as Chief Executive, top political power, and names him Commander in Chief of the armed forces. But nowhere in the Constitution is the President accorded top economic power. Nevertheless, he has acquired that capacity from his role as chief executive officer of the military economy's management. Subordinate to the President/C.E.O. are the managers of 35,000 prime contracting firms and about 100,000 subcontractors. The Pentagon uses 500,000 people in its own Central Administrative Office acquisition network.

Recall that keeping top military, political and economic decision-making power in the same hands has been a hallmark of the Leninist form of state organization. Now that form of government has been installed in the United States—an automatic consequence of a military form of state capitalism.

Economy. I stand by my 1974 assessment of the economic consequences of military state capitalism in *The Permanent War Economy*:

> Traditional economic competence of every sort is being eroded by the state capitalist directorate that elevates inefficiency into a national purpose, that disables the market system, that destroys the value of the currency, and that diminishes the decision power of all institutions other than its own. Industrial productivity, the foundation of every nation's economic growth, is eroded by the relentlessly predatory effects of the military economy.

When the nation's largest capital fund is used for products that lack use-value for consumption or further production, then decay of infrastructure and industry is to be expected. This has happened in the United States, and can be seen in the catastrophic breakdown of production in the Soviet Union. In the United States the burden of this plundering—a virtual war against our own people—falls most heavily on working people, minorities, children and all who have been made into a castoff population of homeless, hungry and untended sick.

The comprehensive nature of this war waged by military state capitalist directorates against their own population was captured by President Eisenhower. Addressing the North American Society of Newspaper Editors on April 16, 1953, he said:

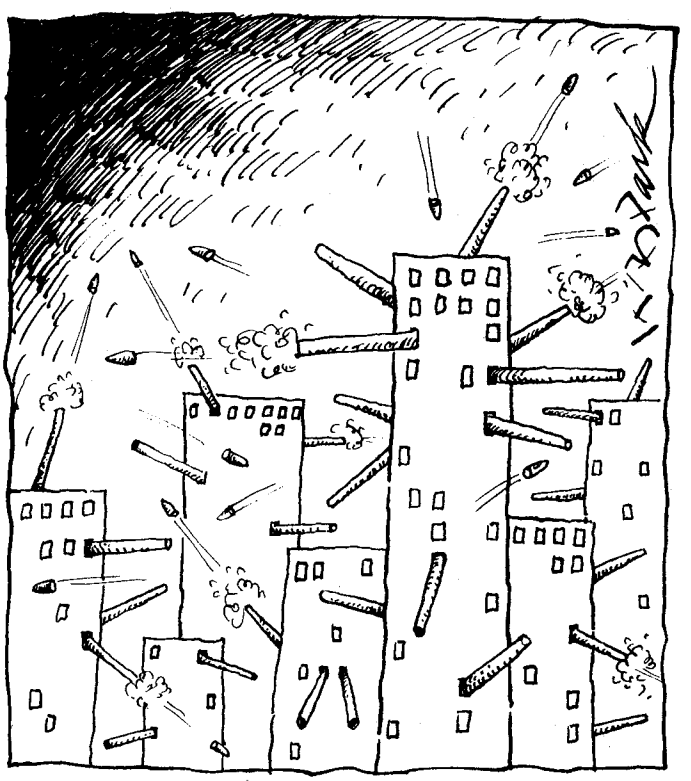
> Every gun that is made, every warship launched, every rocket fired, signifies in the final sense a theft from those who hunger and are not fed, those who are cold and are not clothed. This world in arms is not spending money alone, it is spending the sweat of its laborers, the genius of its scientists, the hopes of its children.

This fundamental assessment lay behind Eisenhower's farewell warning to the American people, in which he suggested the possibility of his successor being insufficiently alert to the power-extending potential of "the military-industrial complex."

The decay in U.S. civilian industry has been proceeding swiftly toward a situation akin to underdevelopment. Consider the disappearance of factories and labor forces from the machinery-producing industries of the United States. From 1977 to 1987, 50 percent of production workers disappeared from the machine tool industry, 60 percent from the farm machinery industry, 43 percent from the turbine and turbine generator industry, 42 percent from the construction machinery industry, 60 percent from the mining equipment industry, 43 percent from the textile equipment industry, 68 percent from the oil- and gas-field equipment industry. An avalanche of plant closings in these and other machinery-producing industries portends an inability of the U.S. economy to produce the means of production. This is a hallmark of economic underdevelopment, a condition well advanced in the Soviet Union.

A formidable array of ideologies is propagated to justify the dominance of military state capitalism in America. The nation, we are taught, can have both guns and butter indefinitely. Military technology, it is said, yields major spin-offs that benefit civilian life. (Many Soviet intellectuals have shared such beliefs.) These legends are kept alive to overcome doubts that arise from the social cost of a permanent war economy and from the series of military operations that includes Vietnam, Afghanistan, Grenada, Panama and Iraq. The only gainers from this plundering of civilian industry and infrastructure are the top layers of government and corporate management.

Military Keynesianism is a legend by which Western state capitalism attempts to regulate employment and income. Drawing upon America's four-year experience in World War II, and with support from economists from left to right, it is said



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that military spending is an efficient and realistic way to regulate market demand and hence employment and income. But when military spending is repeatedly applied, it speeds the depletion of resources and encourages the production of overpriced goods. Military Keynesianism has become the "crackpot realism" (after C. Wright Mills) of the American economy.

American state managers, with support from the education and media industries, also teach that the U.S. government should be the policeman of the world. Our racial inferiors of the Third World must be occasionally whipped into line by the application of American high-tech military power.

An idolatrous secular "religion" in the United States marshals ideological support for the state managers' power extension. In America's state religion, the state is god, the President the high priest and the flag the idol. A godlike state, of course, can do no wrong. Constant display of the flag and daily vows of allegiance are actually a commitment of loyalty and faith to the President.

Meanwhile, in American universities alternatives to the managerial ways of organizing work are virtually undiscussed. Nonhierarchical means of decision making are not explored. Nor is their productivity compared with centralized managerial ways, which prize extension of control above all else, including production. Capitalism is formulated as a condition of the market, hence of exchange. Since exchange is an accompaniment of the specialized division of labor in a technology-based economy, hierarchical capitalism is thereby made to appear inevitable and eternal.

The idea of disarmament, with the goal of systematically eliminating warmaking institutions, has been put down the Orwellian memory hole. Thus President Kennedy's comprehensive proposal for an international disarmament process (April 1962) has been excluded from the books and courses of American universities. In only one textbook of economics, by Dan Fusfeld of the University of Michigan, is there an identification and treatment of the military economy. Elsewhere it is considered simply an undifferentiated part of the market.

When confronting military state capitalism, achieving peace requires more than a pause between wars (which may be achievable by protest, dissent, disruption). The short-term goal must be the disarmament of the state-managed warmaking institutions, by a process of economic conversion and negotiated disarmament. These processes must be pursued in ways that contribute to replacing the managerial, power-hungry, repressive and incompetent warmaking institutions of militarized state capitalism.

These institutions are embedded in the government, economy and social structure of military state capitalism. But if those who produce were to share in decision making in nonhierarchical organizations, the classic drive for extension of managerial power would be checkmated. Then the way would be open for means of organizing work and community in a democratic, productive and life-serving fashion.

Utopia? Not at all. The main utopian illusion of our time is that life can be tolerable under continued military state capitalism. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Prizefighting in Japan

KARL TARO GREENFELD

On July 16, the literary magazine *Bungei Shunju* will announce the winner of the 105th Akutagawa Prize, Japan's equivalent of the Pulitzer Prize, National Book Award and Heisman Trophy all rolled into one. This prize, Japan's most prestigious literary award, is meant to announce the discovery of a major new talent in "pure literature."

When my mother, Foumiko Kometani, won the Akutagawa Prize in 1986, I was surprised by the extensive media exposure she received. At the award ceremony, the leading literati of Japan gathered in a ballroom of the Tokyo Kaikan to fete her. My mother, a small woman with graying hair cut straight across her forehead, sat with her hands folded as the cameras of fifty photographers flashed. That night she would be on the evening news. The next day a photograph of our family dining in a yakitori restaurant would be on the front pages of Japanese newspapers. But the adulation bestowed upon the Akutagawa Prize winner is fleeting—and is indicative of how the Japanese book business operates. Win the Akutagawa and you are royalty for a day. But when you wake up the next morning you had better get back to the grind, for in Japanese book publishing it is the quantity of what you write that counts, not the quality.

I am the son of two authors. My father, Josh Greenfeld, has published fiction and nonfiction books in the United States. My mother has published fiction and nonfiction books in Japan. I have seen the differences between the American and Japanese book businesses firsthand. I remember my mother recounting that Shinchosha, one of the most prestigious publishers in a nation where prestige is almost everything, would be publishing her prizewinning novella *Passover*. When my father asked how much money she would receive, my mother explained that in Japan an author does not ask the publisher about money. My father told my mother, "That's what agents are for."

But in Japan, authors do not have agents. Authors are not paid advances. Authors often do not even sign book contracts. As opposed to the United States, where the normal royalty rate is a sliding 10 percent, 12.5 percent, 15 percent as the book attains certain levels of sales, in Japan authors earn a flat 10 percent royalty rate on copies printed. In one respect, however, the Japanese and American book businesses are similar. In both nations, writers barely eke out a living.

The Japanese publishing industry is larger than that of the United States. Nearly $6.4 billion is generated annually by the Japanese book business, compared with American publishing's $4 billion in trade sales. Japanese publishers release 39,000 titles and sell 911,310,000 units annually. Japan boasts more book outlets than the United States (this is probably because Japan does not have a sophisticated public library system). Although Japan has one of the highest literacy rates in the world, it is even more difficult for a literary writer to earn a living in Japan than in the United States.

The only way for an established writer to stay in the public eye is to publish, publish again and then publish some more.

In Japanese publishing there is a strict division implicitly understood and observed by publishers, writers, editors and critics between so-called pure literature (*junbungaku*) and entertainment writing (*taishubungaku*). (The highly touted, fashionable new category of *fuikkushon*—fiction—is, in terms of the realities of book publishing, an appendage of the pure literature category.) As almost all pure literature is doomed to midlist status, it is exceedingly rare for a literary author to subsist on income from writing books. Most authors also write magazine articles and newspaper columns or, if they are lucky, serialize their fiction. Even best-selling writers can't cash in through film rights. Filmmakers believe they are doing the writer a favor by adapting his or her book and therefore pay peanuts for the rights.

There are no up-front fees for paperback rights. Instead, the author agrees to the same royalty rate as for hardcovers. Because the cover price of a paperback is less than that of a hardcover, the author can expect appreciably less from paperback publication than he or she received from hardcover publication. (Hardcover prices in Japan are so low, averaging about 1,200 yen, or $9, that hardcovers are generally accessible to interested readers anyway.) Successful and moderately successful writers compensate for this by writing more than their American counterparts and by regularly serializing their work, usually earning more from serialization than from book publication.

There is no cheese platter on the menu at Boulogne, the restaurant off the atrium lobby of the Shinjuku Century Hyatt hotel. But Kenji Nakagami, one of Japan's foremost authors, insists to the waiter that he deliver a cheese platter. The waiter, white jacket buttoned up to his chin, excuses himself, retreats to the kitchen and, apparently having cleared the special order with the prep-chef, returns with the good news: A cheese platter can be arranged.

When the cheese arrives—Camembert, Brie, Cheddar and Taleggio, arranged on a white plate in a semicircle around four white crackers—Kenji nibbles on a cracker before pushing the plate aside. He takes another sip from his fourth glass of red wine. He doesn't eat lunch. He drinks it. His skin is mottled. His cheeks are the color of most people's lips. His own lips have a yellowish tint. His tan suit is Italian. His elocution—he speaks in a mixture of Japanese and English—is quiet and lazy yet gives the impression of thoughtfulness. Above all, he seems exhausted.

Kenji Nakagami won the Akutagawa Prize for *Point* in 1976. He has since written thirty books. He is now working simultaneously on five novels, each of them for serialization in a different publication. *Asahi Shimbun*, Japan's pre-eminent newspaper, prints his installments daily. *SPA!* and *Shukan Post* are weekly newsmagazines. *Gunzo* and *Subaru* are monthly literary magazines. This prolific output, for which he receives 4,900,000 yen ($36,000) per month (2,000,000 yen, or $14,700, from *Asahi Shimbun*), is typical of successful Japanese writers. "This

Karl Taro Greenfeld is a writer living in Tokyo.

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hard labor," says Nakagami, "is the fruit of making it as a writer."

Literary successes like Kenji Nakagami are rare. About twenty writers can command serialization fees that high and keep up the heavy workload. Kenzaburo Oë, Shusaku Endo, Kobo Abe and Haruki Murakami are the elite among the elite. They are the only pure literature writers whose books have a chance to escape the midlist. They can write just one book a year, or, in the case of Kobo Abe, one every five years. But for the rest, even those near the top of the literary food chain, heavy workloads are the norm.

If an author doesn't publish often, he or she risks being passed over by readers in favor of this year's Akutagawa or Shinjinsho or Bungei prizewinner. Japanese publishing is prize crazy. There are 360 important literary awards in Japan, and perhaps 2,000 lesser awards. The judging committees are made up of established writers and critics. (Sitting on a prize committee is an easy payday for successful writers. The average fee for adjudicating a literary prize is 150,000 yen, or $1,125.) Most prizes herald the arrival of an important newcomer to the literary world. They announce to the status-conscious Japanese that the book has been approved by the literary powers that be. Without winning a major literary prize, it is nearly impossible to attain any status as an author.

But for writers who have already won a major prize, each announcement of another winner means increased competition as media and critics immediately focus attention on the newcomer and lose interest in last year's winners. The only way for an established writer to stay in the public eye is to publish, publish again and then publish some more. Eimi Yamada, winner of the Naoki Prize, has published twenty books in the six years since her first book, *Bedroom Eyes*, was a sensation. Less typical but not uncommon is historical novelist Mitsugu Saotome's pace. He publishes twelve books a year.

Kyodo News Service literary critic Tetsuro Koyama explains, "Publishers give so many awards that it is easy for new young writers to break through. Awards are good for publicity, so naturally publishers encourage them: They sell books. So many new writers keep coming up through so many prizes that they nudge established writers out."

But these prizewinning baby writers cannot expect to earn anything like those princely sums that Kenji Nakagami can command. (Or for more noble sums, take Haruki Murakami, who is Japan's most popular young novelist. He is an ostensibly literary writer whose vacuous fiction sells at Stephen King–like levels.) The vast majority of authors starve, scraping a living from articles, teaching or lectures.

Before a writer's book is published, she is lucky if her short stories or novellas are run in literary magazines such as *Shincho*, *Bungakkai*, *Gunzo* or *Subaru*. These magazines have immense prestige and name recognition but generally boast circulations of only about 5,000. They are subsidized by their parent conglomerates and pay, to a young writer, about 1,500 yen ($11) per *mai*, or written page—the equivalent of about 100 English words. A typical *Shincho* or *Bungakkai* short story may run 120 *mai*. There is a rigid pay scale on which writers can incrementally move up. "We have strict guidelines," the chief editor of *Shincho*, Tadao Sakamoto, explains. "Prizes and level of work determine how much a writer receives." Write a story which the editors believe is important, and you get a 1,000 yen bump per *mai*. Win a major prize, and you get another 1,000 yen bump. Win the Akutagawa Prize, and you enter another league where the minimum fee is about 4,000 yen per *mai*. A big gun like Kenji Nakagami commands 10,000 ($73) per *mai*. A novella would make for a $9,000 payday for Nakagami. But Nakagami is the exception.

"Even if a writer writes all the time, nonstop," Sakamoto says, "he can't live on the money he makes. And for a writer to be writing nonstop cannot be good for his work."

The four major publishing houses that dominate the literary market are Bungeishunjusha, Kodansha, Shinchosha and Shueisha. (In Japan, a small publishing company is by definition disreputable. There are few North Point Presses in Japan. Or in America anymore, for that matter.) These big houses, along with four or five slightly less powerful houses, are the class acts. Most have massive magazine-publishing wings under the same corporate umbrella as the book divisions and the fantastically lucrative *manga* (comics) divisions. For a literary author of note to publish with one of the smaller companies is rare. Writers will usually choose to gamble on a shot at a major house like Bungeishunjusha rather than be published by a smaller house.

Because authors are not paid advances and are paid on the basis of copies printed, print runs are of paramount concern

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to Japanese writers. And the decision of how many copies to print is, as in America, the publisher's. An average print run for a literary work is 3,000 to 10,000. Thirty thousand is extraordinary. One hundred thousand or more means the publisher expects a best seller. On an average printing of, say, 6,000 copies at an average price of 1,200 yen ($9), the writer will make a guaranteed 720,000 yen ($5,400), even if the book doesn't sell a copy.

My mother sold 120,000 copies of *Passover* in 1986. Her next novel, *Tumbleweeds*, published the next year, had a first printing of 8,000. That kind of drop-off is typical. The reputation or track record of an author is of less importance in Japan than in America. Even a favorable review in the daily *Asahi Shimbun*, the equivalent of the front page of *The New York Times Book Review*, will not encourage a publisher to raise the print run. "Books don't sell because of reviews," says critic Tetsuro Koyama. "We influence a very small group of people who buy books—maybe 10,000 real readers in the whole country."

There are rumors of publishers fudging print counts. A publisher could line its own pockets by printing 20,000 copies and telling the writer that only 12,000 were printed. And writers are suspicious that some small publishing houses may stoop to falsifying records. But with the major houses that is highly unlikely. "You can trust the major publishers," explains Seichiro Shimono, an agent who handles foreign books for the Japanese market. "Their records are very clean. If they cheated on their count it would be a scandal. They depend on magazine publishing anyway. And considering the real estate value of the land they are sitting on, what would be the point of lying about 4 million yen?"

Kodansha's headquarters sit on five acres of Bunkyo Ward near central Tokyo. The four-story brown stucco Georgian building is set back from the street amid bushes and a circular driveway. With a columned entrance, large dormer windows and impressive grounds, it is reminiscent of the administration building of an American college campus. An estimate of the property value is, in dollar terms, in the middle nine figures.

An anthology published recently in English by Kodansha International, *Monkey Brain Sushi*, reveals that young Japanese writers are mimicking American minimalist themes and styles while giving them a Japanese twist. The Japanese book-publishing industry, however, may be presaging America's publishing future by staying in the past: Japanese book publishers never divested their magazine companies or sold their buildings. They have remained privately held conglomerates. Japanese book-publishing companies own a piece of every print medium save newspapers. Kodansha, for example, publishes books, literary magazines (*Gunzo*), weekly newsmagazines (*Friday*, circulation 1.7 million), directories and comic books (*Weekly Shonen Magazine*, 1.8 million), all from that same Tokyo office building.

Until there are agents to negotiate for authors and encourage competitive bidding by publishers, it is unlikely that advances or guaranteed book fees will ever be introduced. Yukiko Chino, a young writer whose first collection of short stories will be published by Shueisha this fall, says that agents are unnecessary from a pragmatic standpoint because almost every writer and publisher in Japan is located in Tokyo, facilitating easy face-to-face meetings. Nakagami insists that an agent would interfere with the sacred bond he shares with his editors. Sakamoto says simply, "There is not enough money for agents."

So when the Akutagawa Prize committee announces this year's winner, take pity on him; for from that day on all he will do is write. A lot. □

The Legendary Picasso

SUSAN GRACE GALASSI

A LIFE OF PICASSO. Volume I, 1881–1906. *By John Richardson with Marilyn McCully. Random House. 548 pp. $45.*

It comes as a shock to discover in John Richardson's epoch-making new biography of Pablo Picasso (written with the collaboration of Marilyn McCully, an expert on Picasso's early Spanish years) how much there is to learn about Picasso—the artist and the man—through new information about his life. The debate over critical approaches to Picasso's work has gained momentum since his death, but far less attention has been given to his life. Even the more recent biographies have tended toward the interpretive rather than the investigatory. Anyway, hadn't everything been said in the innumerable memoirs and full-scale biographies that had already appeared?

What sets Richardson apart from many of Picasso's previous biographers is his assumption that paradox and ambivalence are fundamental to the painter's work and character. Richardson makes effective use of his prodigious research to bring new shades of meaning to well-known and minor works alike, and to reveal Picasso's elaborate construction of his own life, without diminishing the complexity of either his art or his psychological makeup. Furthermore, Richardson accepts disparity between the artist and the man, using neither as the measure of the other: He states plainly that while Picasso had great daring as an artist, he lacked moral courage.

Despite his longstanding friendship with Picasso (they were neighbors in Provence from 1953 to the early sixties) and his obvious affection for him, Richardson does not paper over Picasso's less than admirable qualities—his machismo, his obsessive concern with himself, his need for subservient friends, his grandiosity, his misogyny—even while acknowledging their vital role in his art. Nor is Richardson taken in by Picasso's myth making, with which he had sufficient firsthand experience; armed with new information and a fresh eye, he dismisses many of the legends as mere "hyperbole," "Andalusian machismo" or simply wishful thinking. Yet Richardson's purpose is not to discredit Picasso but to clear ground for an appreciation of the master that accommodates his paradoxical nature.

The major myth that Volume I of this projected four-volume work dispels is that of Picasso's early prodigy. While it is generally agreed that at age 25 (where this book ends) Picasso initiated the most significant revolution in painting since the Renaissance with his *Demoiselles d'Avignon* (1907), Richardson demonstrates that his road to that point was considerably more arduous than previously described.

In looking afresh at Picasso's earliest extant drawings from ages 9 to 14, when he produced his first mature work, Richardson finds no basis for Picasso's claim

Susan Grace Galassi is an assistant curator at the Frick Collection.

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that as a boy he drew like Raphael. But while Richardson is convincing in his assessment of Picasso's spirited early drawings as those of a "reasonably gifted child" rather than a genius, it is difficult to accept his suggestion that earlier drawings "may well have been destroyed to preserve the legend that the artist never drew like a child." It seems more likely that they were lost in the various moves the family made before settling permanently in Barcelona in 1896. Richardson demonstrates that several of the legends of Picasso's early prowess have no foundation in fact—for example, his passing the entrance exam to the advanced class of the art academy of Barcelona (which usually took a month) in one day, at age 13. Picasso's need to see himself as a godlike figure from the beginning does him a disservice, Richardson claims, for it obscures the intensity of his struggle to acquire mastery over his medium. It is the Picasso of fiercely competitive spirit, immense capacity for concentration and tenacity that Richardson seeks to bring to light from under the boy-genius myth. After all, Picasso himself—the source of many of the legends—said, in his characteristically ambivalent way, "I believe in nothing but work."

The most famous of the myths was that Picasso's father—the "execrable painter," Richardson calls him, who specialized in painting pigeons—handed over his brushes to his son at age 14, so awed was he by Pablo's talents. While others have questioned this story, Richardson, on good authority, asserts that it is sheer fantasy, adding with barbed wit that Don José went on "wielding his feeble brush until well into the twentieth century, portraying the pigeon of the year for Barcelona's Colombofila Society, of which he was president." The "abdication" legend, Richardson notes, reveals a patricidal side of Picasso's love for his father, the forerunner of the untalented, "devoted dogsbodies" who sacrificed their own ambitions, and in some cases their lives, for the artist.

"My work is like a diary," Picasso once said, though often a veiled or coded one. But, as Richardson notes, "diaries are none the less interesting" for "fantasizing, embroidering and reordering the truth." In analyzing individual works, Richardson traces the transformation of the artist's personal experience into universal themes, while acknowledging the elements Picasso draws from paintings by other artists and from poetry, religion, magic, popular culture and so on. Richardson fleshes out references to persons and places with detailed historical accounts. His interpretations for the most part accommodate, rather than resolve, contradictions.

A case in point is an early Blue Period painting on a wood panel, the *Two Sisters* of 1902, in which a whore and a mother carrying a child, both of them wearing long robes, face each other against a simple architectural setting—a paired opposition, which, as Richardson shows, can support many different readings. The medium and scale of the work, he notes, carry suggestions of an altarpiece. Painted in Barcelona between visits to the French capital, it is one of a series of paintings Picasso executed after visiting the Saint-Lazare hospital, a famous old hospital/prison in Paris where prostitutes were incarcerated and treated for syphilis. Richardson's capsule history of this unique institution is fascinating in its own right and adds immeasurably to one's appreciation of this series. Though the Saint-Lazare whores had already been commemorated in sentimental cafe ballads and by Toulouse-Lautrec, an idol of Picasso's in the latter's first years in Paris, Richardson suggests that Picasso's interest in these destitute women (who were free models) was primarily personal: He may have been suffering from syphilis himself at the time. (He had frequented brothels from an early age, and he told Françoise Gilot, his mistress from 1944-54, that he had contracted the disease in early life.) What's more, the diseased whores fit Picasso's "equivocal view of sex as ecstatic and tender, but also guilt-inducing and bound up with suffering, even death." In unraveling the layers of this work, Richardson shows how Picasso drew from both his fear of venereal disease and sources in earlier art, such as El Greco and Catalan Romanesque art, as well as from his brief experience in devotional painting, to "endow his whores with an air of universal relevance and mystic power." Yet with his always prescient sense of Picasso's ambivalence, Richardson detects currents that run opposite to Picasso's idealization of the women in his prison series: "That the Saint-Lazare women were victims of society nobody would deny, but they are to some extent Picasso's victims. There is a hint of eroticism, even sadism, to their portrayal." Picasso himself, in later years, rejected his Blue Period paintings, ironically his most popular, as sentimental, though he did not abandon his image of women as "suffering machines."

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The many fascinating capsule biographies of notable and obscure Spanish and French painters, poets, collectors and dealers included in this volume bring alive the unprecedented creative ferment of both Picasso's years in Barcelona at the end of the nineteenth century at the height of the Catalan *Modernisme* and the first years of the twentieth century in Paris, where his closest friends included the experimental French poets Max Jacob and Guillaume Apollinaire and the American writer Gertrude Stein. His chief rival for the leadership of the avant-garde was Henri Matisse, twelve years his senior. Picasso's relationship with each of these giants of modernism is explored in close detail. Richardson also vividly portrays the colorful bohemian life of Paris at the turn of the century, drawing from an impressive array of letters, memoirs and obscure novels, of both fixtures and passers-through. One of Richardson's most startling discoveries is the role of opium and hashish in Picasso's and his literary companions' lives from 1904 to 1908. Picasso's relationships with women are also fully examined, from his sexual awakening in his early teens, which coincided with his first mature works, to his exploits in the brothels of the Barri Xino of Barcelona to his first serious relationship in Paris, with the beautiful model Fernande Olivier. (He lived with her in the impoverished warren of artists' studios in Montmartre known as the Bateau Lavoir, and, on occasion, locked her in the studio when he went out, to protect her from the devouring eyes of other men.) Richardson does not overlook Picasso's misogyny, but he views it in the context of the strongly phallocentric culture of his native Andalusia, where looking too intently (known as *mirada fuerte*) at a woman is considered akin to rape. The concept of *mirada fuerte*, Richardson argues, is a key to Picasso's lifelong obsession with voyeurism in his art and his constant equation of painting with making love.

But not all the characters that made up Picasso's world are treated so evenhandedly. While Richardson's debunking of Stein's mammoth ego and the self-serving distortions of her memoirs may be long overdue, he is too dismissive of her literary accomplishments. Other figures from Picasso's life, such as many of his Catalan cronies, are written off as "mediocrities," while Richardson is merciless in his treatment of Jaime Sabartés (that "myopic poetaster" and "toady" who was devoid of "talent, charm and looks"), Picasso's lifelong friend and secretary from the mid-1930s on, author of several memoirs of the artist and his "principal legend-monger."

At the end of the first volume, the 25-year-old Picasso is about to embark on the *Demoiselles d'Avignon*, which would, in Apollinaire's words, "free art from its shackles." The most adventurous collectors from America and Russia were vying for his canvases. Even with the "genius" myth expunged, Picasso's rise to his full powers has an epic quality, as Richardson brings to life the intensity of the painter's struggle to resolve his need for the security of his homeland with the challenge of Paris. Richardson demonstrates the extent to which Picasso's art was generated from the encounter of his Spanish *duende* (soul) with the French tradition, though he sees Picasso as fundamentally a Spanish artist. While Richardson may not always convince the reader in his analyses of specific works, he leaves no doubt as to the degree to which Picasso's life and art were fused in a synergistic relationship, while preserving the mystery at its center. □

The Group

JOAN UNGARO

REAL LIFE DRAMA: The Group Theatre and America, 1931–1940. *By Wendy Smith. Knopf. 482 pp. $24.95.*

Wendy Smith says she first became aware of the Group Theatre in the early 1970s when she found Harold Clurman's *The Fervent Years: The Story of the Group Theatre and the Thirties* among her parents' books. I, too, became aware of the Group in the early 1970s, but as a graduate student in art history who took a theater course on Stanislavsky given by one H. Clurman. What follows is more a memoir than a review, but it may provide a broader context for Smith's *Real Life Drama*.

Besides reading Stanislavsky's *My Life in Art* (which I've only now finished), our one assignment was to prepare a director's work script for one of ten plays Clurman had chosen. He was then completing his book *On Directing*, and virtually any class Clurman ever gave consisted in large part of whatever he was working on at the time. He used to say that the only class he ever *really* wanted to give would have been called Theater Jokes 101: "You can learn more about the theater from a good joke than from anything else. I know the right jokes." I got to hear them a lot, because the professor called after class to see if I cared to go to the theater with him. Little did I realize that our first theater date was to be the beginning of eight years of going to the theater together two, three, four or five times a week. He *had* to go to all the openings, since he wrote about the theater almost every week for *The Nation*; at least I could pick and choose. He was delighted that on his "nights off" I'd ask to go to the ballet. He regularly complained that he never saw any of the Broadway "first-nighters" at the ballet—except for John Simon, once. Most of them seemed to have no interest in what was going on at the Philharmonic, at the opera, at dance concerts or at museums, which outraged him: "They are related, after all. Do they just go out for their job?"

Clurman, who didn't think of himself as the "dean" of American theater critics, would travel all over the city to see whatever he thought might be of interest—to the Henry Street Settlement, the Brooklyn Academy of Music or Wooster Street—but always in a cab. Punctuality was the rule. The other rule was, Never leave the show before it's over. Harold had two reasons. One was that of the true optimist: "You never can tell, the last five minutes might have a performance you don't want to miss." The second was partly egotistical, partly practical: "Look, the actors don't need to hear that Clurman walked out at intermission, which they *will*. It won't help the second act."

Out of the 1,200 or 1,500 shows I saw with Harold, I remember talking about only three of them right after, an odd trio: *A Moon for the Misbegotten*, *Cyrano* and *Curse of the Starving Class*. Generally, we'd mumble comments to each other until we got to the lobby. Then it was dinnertime, which was not to be trivialized with "work talk." So much for Harold the mentor. But he was always anxious to know what I thought of his pieces, even before I went to work at *The Nation* and proofread and copy edited

Joan Ungaro is a director who writes about the theater for Theater Week, American Theater *and* Crisis. *She worked as an assistant literary editor for* The Nation *in the early 1970s.*

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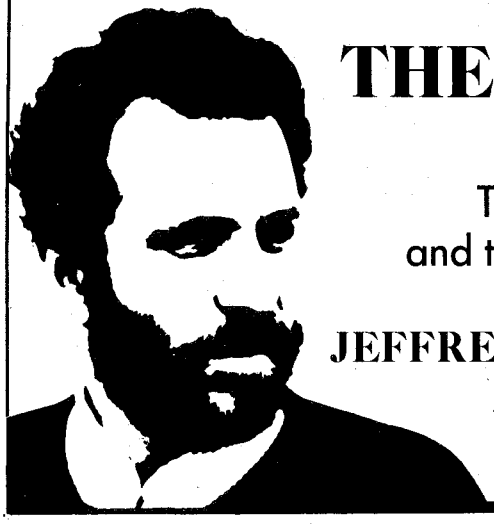

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his stuff as part of my job. I said I found them good, and most informative, along the lines of "I didn't know that in 1946 they . . . Oh, so she *first* wrote . . . But who *is* Heinrich Heine?" We didn't always agree. Out of those 1,500 shows, I remember two we disagreed on: Phillip Hayes Dean's *Freeman*, which I found "bourgeois" and Harold thought important, and Ron Milner's *What the Wine-Sellers Buy*, which I found dazzling and Harold felt glamorized delinquency. Both playwrights are black, and there our age difference may have been a factor. Harold found it very perplexing that he, born Jewish in 1901 on the Lower East Side, and I, born Catholic in 1951 in the Bronx, should have virtually the same reactions to books, people, paintings, plays and restaurants—the things we both cared about most. I just dismissed it as "good taste"; naïveté will tell.

The fact that by then Clurman had worked for more than forty-five years as a producer, director, teacher and critic in addition to having helped to start the Group didn't faze me. Nor did the fact that his close friend Aaron, who wrote music, had a name I had seen listed on the program for what I called "that good Martha Graham dance . . . *Appalachian Spring*." Harold and Aaron Copland had been good friends for only fifty years then. They had met in the early 1920s and decided to be roommates in Paris when they both went to school there. They still talked on the phone every week or two just to "keep in touch." The fact that both of them had felt so strongly about the need for an *American* music and an *American* theater that each went off and made that happen in his chosen métier didn't strike me as odd. Each had so little pretense, such firm commitment—Harold's noisy, Aaron's reserved—that the notion that they were major artists never entered my mind.

To get to *Real Life Drama*: At the beginning, late in 1930, an odd batch of people who had worked on various productions in the New York commercial theater of the 1920s got together in different people's apartments for weekly meetings instigated by a trio of discontented Theatre Guild employees: Harold Clurman, Lee Strasberg and Cheryl Crawford. After months of talking, they began the risky venture of establishing a permanent paid repertory company to do new American plays. As Smith puts it, the trio felt "the Guild wallowed in cash and facile nihilism." Clurman called the Guild board

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members "Ethical Culture people"—cosmopolitan German Jews with intelligence and taste devoid of social passion. In response to the Guild's questions in 1931, he wrote:

> We do not know—we believe. We have not found, we are seeking. But we are seeking not in the texts of ancient creeds or in those of the up-to-the-minute intellectual academies but in the maze of our own lives.

Longtime readers of *The Nation* who became accustomed to Clurman's weekly pieces from 1953 to 1980 will no doubt find that tone familiar.

An effort to make the theater speak for *something* dominated the many and varied activities of the Group, which are nicely catalogued in Wendy Smith's *Real Life Drama*, from their participation in benefits for the League of Workers Theatres to their classes at the New Theatre League and the Theatre Collective to their directing at the Workers Laboratory Theatre. But Smith does not make clear the motivation for all these varied, lively projects. The moral and social underpinnings of the Group's life are most important, for, along with notable advancements in the technique of acting, those underpinnings are what have continued up to the present day: Witness Joe Papp's courageous resistance to the National Endowment for the Arts' obscenity clause.

The chief virtue of *Real Life Drama* lies in the large number of pithy cracks and quips made by the thirty or forty notable Group members, comments made in the 1930s and recorded in little-known collections that Smith has unearthed, and comments they made to her in the 1980s. Voices not heard in Clurman's story (which is, in his words, a story, not a history) take center stage, including those of Morris Carnovsky, Phoebe Brand, Eunice Stoddard and Roman Bohnen, among others. These are useful supplements to the autobiographies written by Elia Kazan, Robert Lewis and Cheryl Crawford. Smith's chief failure seems to be that she doesn't always get the joke. Sometimes rather long-winded paragraphs "explain" an event or the "meaning" of a quip and just miss the point. Another is that the cast lists for the twenty-three productions the Group did in nine years, ranging from Odets's *Awake and Sing!* and *Paradise Lost* to Saroyan's *My Heart's in the Highlands* and John Howard Lawson's *Success Story*, are sadly incomplete.

Stanislavsky wrote that for work in the theater, "there is needed talent, great inner strength, bright technique, an ideal, the consciousness of one's social and cultural mission, religion." Interesting words from a man identified in this country with technique and technique alone; for Stanislavsky, "bright technique" was only one aspect of the theater. It was one that Group members seized on, and a number of them went on to become the American masters of technique in acting. But they did more than that, both collectively and individually. Lewis, Kazan and Crawford began the Actors Studio in 1947; Lee Strasberg became its artistic director in 1951 and continued that work until his death in 1983. Stella Adler, who had worked directly with Stanislavsky in 1934, has conducted classes in acting and script analysis since 1949. Robert Lewis has directed many Broadway "hits," has taught acting at the Yale School of Drama for years and has always given his own private classes; he is now conducting a workshop on East 42nd Street. Sanford Meisner, director emeritus of the Neighborhood Playhouse since 1990 (he only regularly attends about the first six weeks of classes now), has headed the acting department at the Neighborhood Playhouse for more than fifty years.

The rather long, complex theater lives the Group members have led over the past half-century are summed up in one eighteen-page "epilogue" in *Real Life Drama*. While that was not the aim of this book, it should have been made clearer that the story of the Group *does* continue. Individually, Group members have virtually dominated American acting since the 1930s, and many have written excellent manuals: Adler's *The Technique of Acting*, Lewis's *Method or Madness?* and his *Advice to the Players*, Meisner's *On Acting*, Strasberg's *A Dream of Passion*. Clurman's *The Fervent Years* has been reprinted several times since he wrote it in 1945. Since most of these books are part of any American theater person's small essential library, and since the Group "insiders" have been so prolific, what can an "outsider" give? A balanced, academic written record of details, a historic account of events in the 1930s, a discussion of the differing aims of workers' theaters and the commercial theater, and some useful supplementary documentation, all of which *Real Life Drama* supplies.

When I was assigned to see the first revival of *The Member of the Wedding* last year for *Crisis*, the N.A.A.C.P. monthly magazine, I had a quick deadline. Since I didn't know the play, I felt

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I had to read it first. Harold would not have approved of that, for he always said, "See first. Then read, if you want to." I knew Harold had directed it in 1950 with Ethel Waters and Julie Harris, and by the time I finished reading the first act, I was in tears. Partly because Frankie's words sounded like mine, but more because I could see the hand of Harold on every page. Not his words—the words were clearly those of someone who had grown up in the Southern kitchen the play was set in—but the clarity, the simplicity, the clear intention, if not the peculiar lyricism of the work.

Now, Stanislavsky may be right that the "living tradition" of the theater is "a torch which can only be passed from hand to hand, and not from the stage, but through personal teaching." I know I was lucky to get a good teacher. But more than that, I know I'm not alone, and that dozens if not hundreds of people have gotten the torch from that very fertile Group of passers-on. So for the torchbearers, there are a lot of details worth the learning in *Real Life Drama* and some good jokes, too. Just skip the explanations. Readers who only had access to Harold Clurman at a distance for twenty-seven years might well find the specifics resonant. After all, good jokes don't die. □

MUSIC.

GENE SANTORO

Flying Down to Rio Again

Like the surf on Rio's famous beaches, Brazilian music comes into this country in waves. When sambas were the craze in the 1940s, Carmen Miranda sang "I Yi Yi Yi Yi" in *That Night in Rio*. In the early 1960s bossa nova, a flowing but stylized mix of samba and jazz, yielded hits like "The Girl From Ipanema" and crossover acts like Sergio Mendes & Brazil '66. It also influenced U.S. jazzers like saxophonist Stan Getz and guitarist Charlie Byrd. To this day samba and bossa nova remain potent musical forces in both the United States and Brazil. Recently, for instance, bossa nova's godfathers were celebrated with the U.S. release of key compilations, *The Legendary João Gilberto* (World Pacific) and *Antonio Carlos Jobim* (Verve). (*Jobim* includes "The Girl From Ipanema," penned by Jobim and sung by Gilberto's wife, Astrud.)

But bossa nova is only one Brazilian hybrid. During the 1950s, when bossa nova was coming into its own, Brazilians, like their Latin American neighbors, were plugged into radio, which brought them heavy doses of American big bands, crooners and jazz, as well as Mexican and European sounds. The street burst with its own life—the carnivals and processions, the neighborhood clubs. Bossa nova pulled all those influences together with its samba beats, Debussy-like harmonies and flavorful cool-jazz brass.

The bossa novas of Gilberto and Jobim deliberately smoothed out the samba beat to an understated, sensuous glide. For their audience—the generally light-skinned middle and upper classes—raucous street sambas were too "black." In sharp contrast, during the 1960s Young Turks like Gilberto Gil and Milton Nascimento seized Brazilian folkways as their inspiration for pumping the beat back up to a rockier undulation. Their musically diverse movement was dubbed tropicalia or tropicalismo.

Brazil, with its huge racially mixed population, turbulent politics, fragile economy and immense natural riches, doesn't stay in a musical freeze-frame any more than the United States does. The post-1960s generations, inspired by rock and reggae, have been reshaping their multiethnic heritage. The only constant is samba, which like the blues in the United States underlies most of Brazil's pop idioms.

So each tropicalista leans in a different direction, depending on background and interests. Jorge Ben, for instance, was heavily influenced by Bob Dylan's wheezing folk tunes and American folk-blues, while Caetano Veloso frequently sports a basic samba or bossa feel—an indication of how strongly these cultural revolutionaries feel about maintaining contact with their musical legacy, whether or not they accept its ideological underpinnings. As Gil explains, "Our recognizing the various components of bossa gave us the confidence to try and bring rock and roll and other things in."

A black Bahian, Gil, along with the sultry Gal Costa, the more laid-back Veloso and Veloso's sister Maria Bethania, was a founder of tropicalia. He explored the links between Brazilian music and African-descended styles, including American rock and roll, the world's musical lingua franca. Rock rode into Brazil in the 1960s with the Beatles and the Rolling Stones, but it stayed to include Stevie Wonder and soul music, psychedelia and rhythm and blues. Its relentless backbeat, emotionally charged lyrics and electric instruments proved as irresistible to Brazilian youth as to Americans, British, Jamaicans, Nigerians and Japanese.

Understanding that much of the vitality they admired in American rock drew on African-American roots, most tropicalistas found an alternative to bossa in the rhythms of Bahia, Brazil's most African region. Because Brazilian slaves were not deliberately separated from families and tribal groups, they maintained a relatively high degree of cultural continuity; in this country, that was true only in New Orleans. So it happened that in Bahia especially, the rich mix of Portuguese folk melodies, wickedly curving Indian tunes and the African heritage of percussive firestorms and religious rituals created fascinating offshoots that tropicalia could draw upon.

Then in 1964, a military junta dismissed the Congress and imposed its own laws. Tropicalia caught some of the fallout. Like its counterpart in the United States, this counterculture acquired a political dimension just by existing. In Brazil, however, the consequences of cultural subversion were much more evident: Lyrics were routinely censored until the late 1970s, and songwriters like Gil and Veloso were jailed or exiled.

Gil recalls the period this way: "They disliked our whole thing: the attitude, the freedom, the plurality that developed in our expression that supported new youth cultural statements, like growing long hair and dressing differently, and the political implications of all that. We were very supportive of what was happening in the universities in the States and in Paris, for instance, and reproduced those events for Brazilian students. So I wound up in jail for two months, then house arrest for six months. Then I was sent away to London, where I stayed for three years." However, by the time of the junta's departure in 1984, tropicalia was flourishing openly at home.

Gil spent his exile digging deeper into his musical roots, making a series of trips to Africa beginning in 1967. By the late 1970s, he'd visited such stylistic melting pots as Nigeria, the Ivory Coast and Senegal. He not only absorbed their fermenting scenes but in effect retraced the music's historical migrations. Following one of the main slave ship routes, he doubled back to the Caribbean and began to integrate reggae—which has long since become an important stylistic influence in Africa—into his growing arsenal.

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The way Gil tells it, "When I went to Nigeria in '77, I met Fela, Stevie Wonder and King Sunny Adé. That trip really gave me the push toward blackness, toward really trying to understand the roots and spirit of the culture. Being able to spot the original sources of things we cultivate in Bahia shook me; it was a really emotional experience. What impressed me about reggae was how it had at the same time a simplicity and a sophistication of rhythms. I used to say that reggae is the bossa nova of rock and roll. And the whole Rasta cultural thing, the hair and the colors and the communal life, the message and the fight for freedom, the need for ending problems of decolonization in Africa—it was quite something, the way that it followed up on the '60s black power movement in the United States. I made the links between Stevie Wonder and Miles Davis and Jimmy Cliff and Bob Marley: people speaking out, being proud of being black, understanding the difficulties of getting black culture into Western civilization. So when I got back to Brazil, I started doing music in a more black-oriented vein."

In a sense, Gil was the point man. Tropicalia was augmented in the early '70s by a group of musicians from the landlocked state of Minas Gerais, Brazil's diamond-mine center with a work-song tradition roughly parallel to the American South's or South Africa's. From Minas Gerais hail extraordinary sound scavengers like Milton Nascimento, whose famous *Milagre dos Peixes* (Intuition) was heavily censored by the military regime, and Nana Vasconcelos.

Over the past couple of years, even before Paul Simon's rather lackluster *The Rhythm of the Saints* (Warner Bros.), tropicalia and its roots have been broadening their appeal in the United States. Philips's fine *Personalidade* series of single-artist compilations introduced many tropicalistas here, although it was frightfully underadvertised and didn't make things easy for curious neophytes—it didn't translate either liner notes or lyrics. And solid anthologies like *Brazil Classics I: Beleza Tropical* (Fly/Sire) and *Brazil Is Back, Vol. 1* (Braziloid) have helped catch Americans up on the post-bossa Brazilian waves. But in Simon's wake—as happend with Afropop after his far more enticing *Graceland* (Warner Bros.)—a raft of Brazilian releases have hit the marketplace here. Below are some of the more interesting.

Chief Talking Head David Byrne has developed his longstanding interest in international sounds into a record label. From his first compilation, *Beleza Tropical*, he's moved on to *Brazil Classics 2: O Samba* (Luaka Bop/Sire), which serves up both rawly exuberant and gentler versions of the form. Lately he's put out *Brazil Classics 3: Forró Etc.* (Luaka Bop/Warner Bros.), a wide-ranging and rollicking collection of that Bahia-based, accordion-driven relative of zydeco. Like the Louisiana creole form, forró is good-time party music for country dances partly derived from polkas and schottisches. Also like zydeco with Clifton Chenier, forró can trace its beginnings largely to one man, Luiz Gonzaga, an accordionist-singer who refined the baion beat and wrote more than 500 songs. His son, Luiz Gonzaga Jr., known as Gonzaguinha, makes his U.S. debut on *É* (World Pacific). Gonzaguinha moves effortlessly between social protest and love songs while the music melds the ever-present samba with rock, reggae, Afropop and other influences in a typical post-tropicalia idiom.

Another fine introductory anthology is *Afros E Afoxés Da Bahia* (Mango). The afros and afoxés are the huge multi-

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percussion groups that play during Bahia's carnival; the afoxés maintain elements of candomble, the syncretic Afro-Christian religion, in their music. The album's pulsating polyrhythms should jump-start even the dullest party. One track features Margareth Menezes, who sang with Byrne on his *Rei Momo* (Luaka Bop/Sire) and in the follow-up tour, where she consistently stole the show with her soaring soulfulness. Her *Elegibo* (Mango), released last year, is a stylistic smorgasbord well worth checking out. And then there's Reflexu's, whose *Da Mãe Africa* (Mango) showcases a scintillating mix of traditional blocos afros sounds with updated electronics and beats.

Gilberto Gil is understandably well-represented in the current spate of U.S. reissues. *Un Banda Um*, *Extra*, *Raca Humana*, *Dia Dorim Noite Neon* (all on WEA Latina) are peak 1980s Gil, with his seamless potpourri of sounds from around the globe, his political concerns—he was elected an official of his hometown on a black-power ticket—and his contagiously enthusiastic presentation. It's a good thing the music is as inviting and as high-powered as it is; unfortunately, none of these albums have translated or even paraphrased lyrics.

The lyrics of *Benjor* (Tropical Storm), which are translated in the CD booklet, demonstrate that Jorge Ben has lost none of his acerbic wit or social pungency. He has annexed the disco-flavored beats that underpin so much music worldwide, proving once again that disco never really died, it just changed its name. In Ben's case, however, those beats, which can be obsessively mechanical, open and breathe with a Brazilian resilience. His compatriot Caetano Veloso has also moved on musically, as *Estrangeiro* (Elektra/Musician) demonstrates. Produced by longtime downtown scenemakers the Ambitious Lovers—guitarist-singer Arto Lindsay and keyboardist Peter Scherer—*Estrangeiro* oscillates between gentle acoustic ballads and edgy, flecked-with-noise social observations. But whichever mode he's in, Veloso pens evocative, intelligent lyrics shot through with meaty allusions that would please even Milan Kundera.

Milton Nascimento is honorary president of the Brazilian Rainforest Protection Association, and *Txai* (Columbia) reflects his concern. Collecting material from rain forest Indians and interspersing it with his own tunes, Nascimento has created a pseudo-ethnographic set of musical slides. But the curtain of strings and overupholstered arrangements that blanket his songs also diminish the subtle power of his singing. The best stuff here generally comes from the field.

Brazilian Classics 4: The Best of Tom Zé (Luaka Bop/Warner Bros.) presents an underappreciated tropicalista. Zé is a quirky composer; Byrne notes, "It sounded like music from downtown New York but with a Brazilian lyricism." In fact, given Zé's emphasis on sonic effects, offbeat instrumentation and elliptical lyrics, he does seem like a winning Brazilian prototype for the Ambitious Lovers (Lindsay grew up in Bahia). And so once again in the world of music, everything that goes around comes around. □

MURRAY HILL BARBERSHOP

Kostas is back. He's been in hospital
following unexpected surgery.
Six pints, he says he needed, but transfuses
a fatalist's good cheer as usual.
Snapshot: old man by cyclopean wall,
bent, dressed in black. Kostas murmurs that this is
his father, who lived to 103.

Talk is of Greece. Kostas left forty years
ago, and came via Sesto San Giovanni.
But rents, he says, are too high; someday he'll
close up for good. Already the furrier's
moved out, leaving just the supercilious
travel store owner, juggling fusilli
and roadmaps in some Byzantine display.

Here nothing changes: the bygone hairstyles
in tacked-up photos; the blue jar (marked "Jervis
Disinfecting Systems") just matching the bay
of Sifnos in that postcard; the tonsorial
modishness of tonics—Lilac Vegetal,
Aqua Velva, VO5, Zetar, Vitalis—
to be recalled, not by aroma, but by

radio jingles last heard in 1960.
Unshaven himself, Kostas plucks a razor
from where it has been marinating, idle
in that great jar, and starts to sing the praises
of Kalamata olives, or retsina's
uncultured tang. Gold lights up in his smile
like the group shot by the Hagia Sofia:

a long-ago vacation, history
ambiguous in its pleasures. He walks soundless
across the pelt of some wild animal,
pauses, and by degrees grows voluble
with how the Greek runner Pheidippides
from Marathon breasted that last long hill.
One word is on his lips, and it is "victory."

Karl Kirchwey

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STUART KLAWANS

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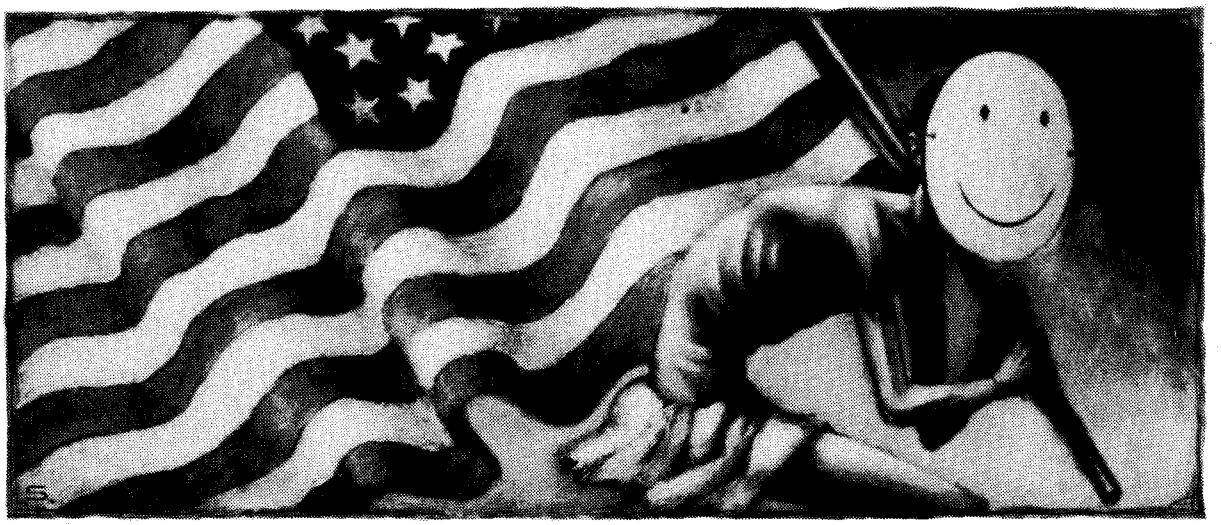

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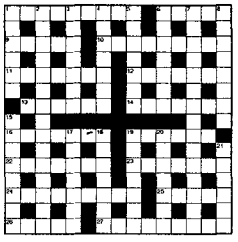

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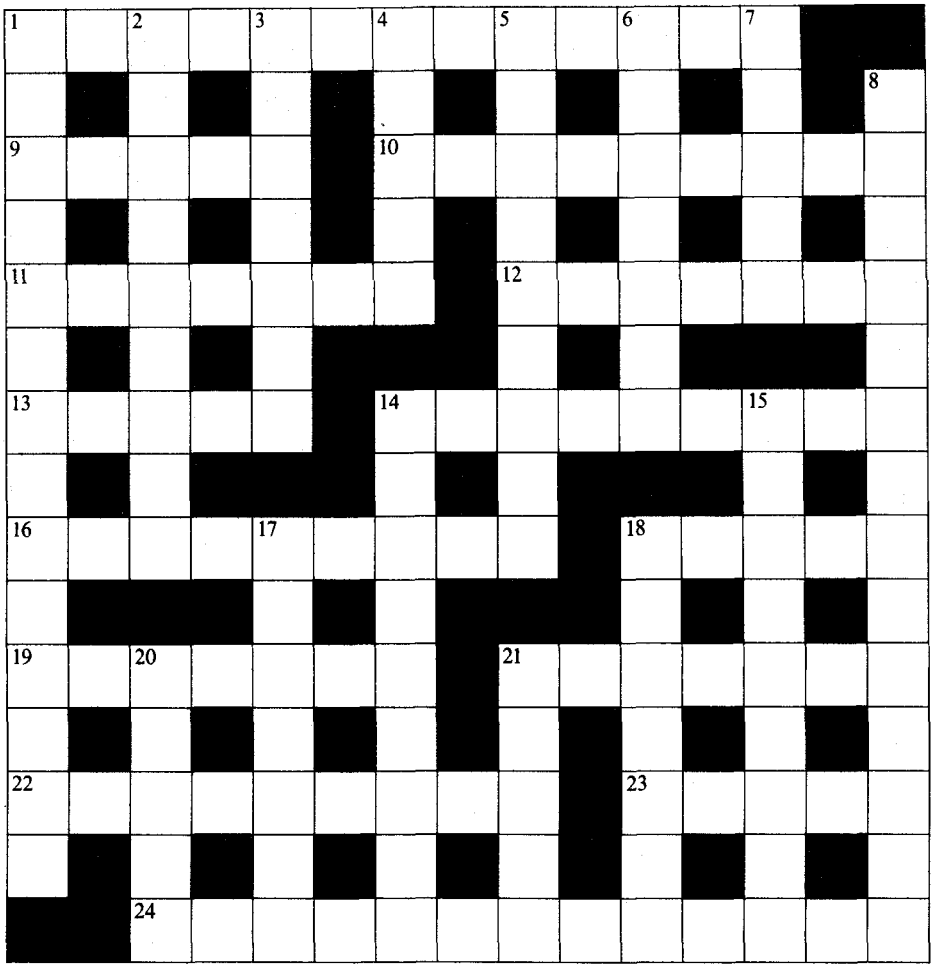

ACROSS

1 If one is hired, is a ringer put in? (13)
9 Is let loose as fiber. (5)
10 The party line is not as customary here as it used to be, but you answer its call. (9)
11 One way to catch the view with road torn up? (She reputedly had a bad opening.) (7)
12 Is one about real trouble, or has one overcome real trouble before? (7)
13 It used to take a certain amount of force to lift it. (5)
14 The current way to stimulate might be just to startle into sudden activity. (9)
16 One certainly can't say they aren't willing! (9)
18 Goat island? (5)
19 Even in fun, mean things might be not intended. (7)
21 Might, with a long stick, dance around it. (7)
22 Rover, perhaps, has a home with it. (9)
23 The home of the brave? (5)
24 For example, the one about the 600, which one opens at the store. (6,7)

DOWN

1 A participant in the Boston Massacre was brisk and sharp with you and me, ending up at the Friars, for example. (7,7)
2 Christian followers, in one case. (9)
3 How to amaze a few people? It's astounding! (7)
4 and 14 With a lucky discovery you might be too an otherwise not-bad bad night. (4,1,4,5)
5 Well-covered areas? (3-6)
6 I'm a ripe variety, Italian by-the-sea. (7)
7 Not exactly overt, having probably been well-hidden. (5)
8 Should one be half-asleep in it? (4-10)
14 See 4
15 I'm on time. U, 2? Typical of many composers. (9)
17 Start according to the incorrectly made spot in California. (7)
18 Supposedly describing this puzzle, it sounds as though it should have grave implications. (7)
20 Is the person in charge a case for the psychiatrist? (5)
21 Molten material— Gee! Sounds like it's in Mom! (5)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

PUZZLED?

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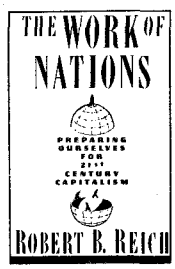

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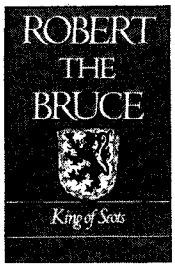

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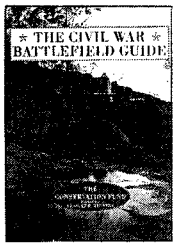

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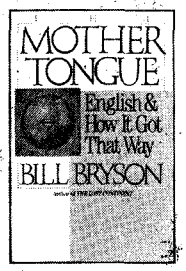

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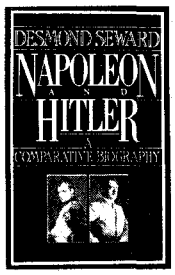

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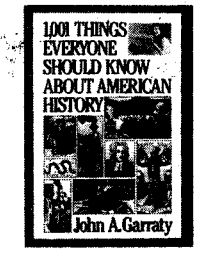

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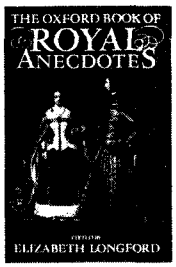

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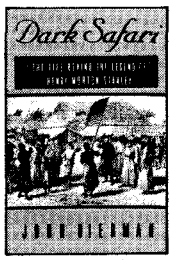

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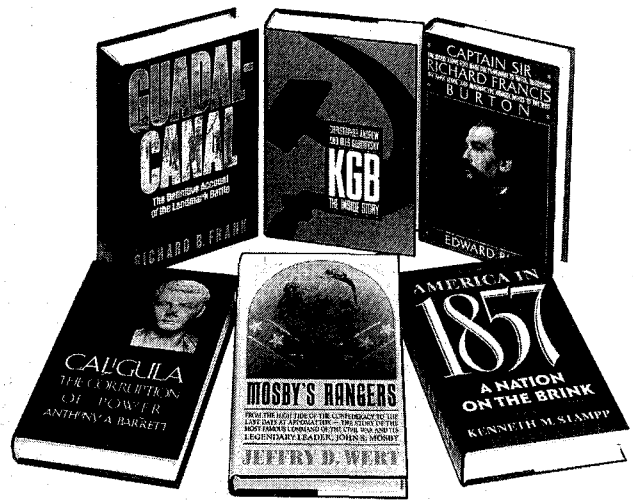

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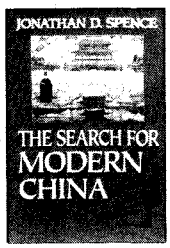

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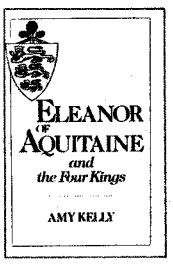
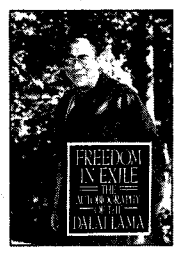
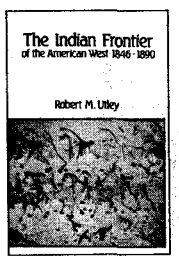


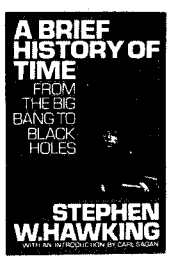
7187. $20/**$14.50**



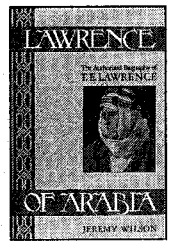
6445. $22.95/**$18.50**



8490. $19.95/**$13.95**



3087. $18.95/**$16.95**



5520. $35/**$26.50**

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